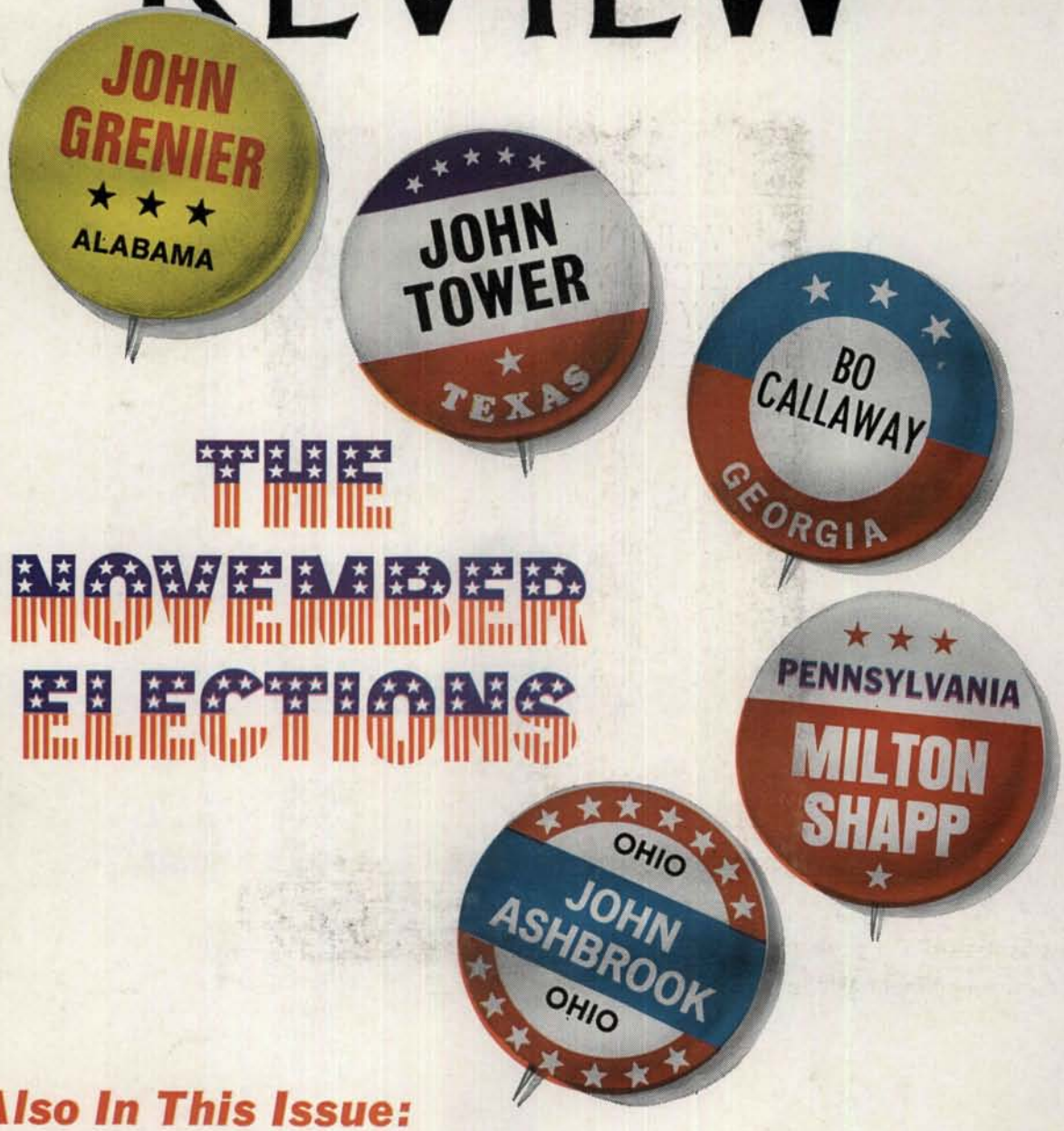
ICD

OCTOBER 18, 1966

JOHN DOS PASSOS ON THE NEW LEFT
–SEE PAGE 1037

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

EEK NEWS
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NEWSPAP

Also In This Issue:

SALINGER'S SECRETS OF THE WHITE HOUSE BY FRANCIS RUSSELL ♦
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM ON THE STRANGE CASE OF NORMAN O. BROWN
IT LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT BUT IS IT? BY NIKA HAZELTON ♦

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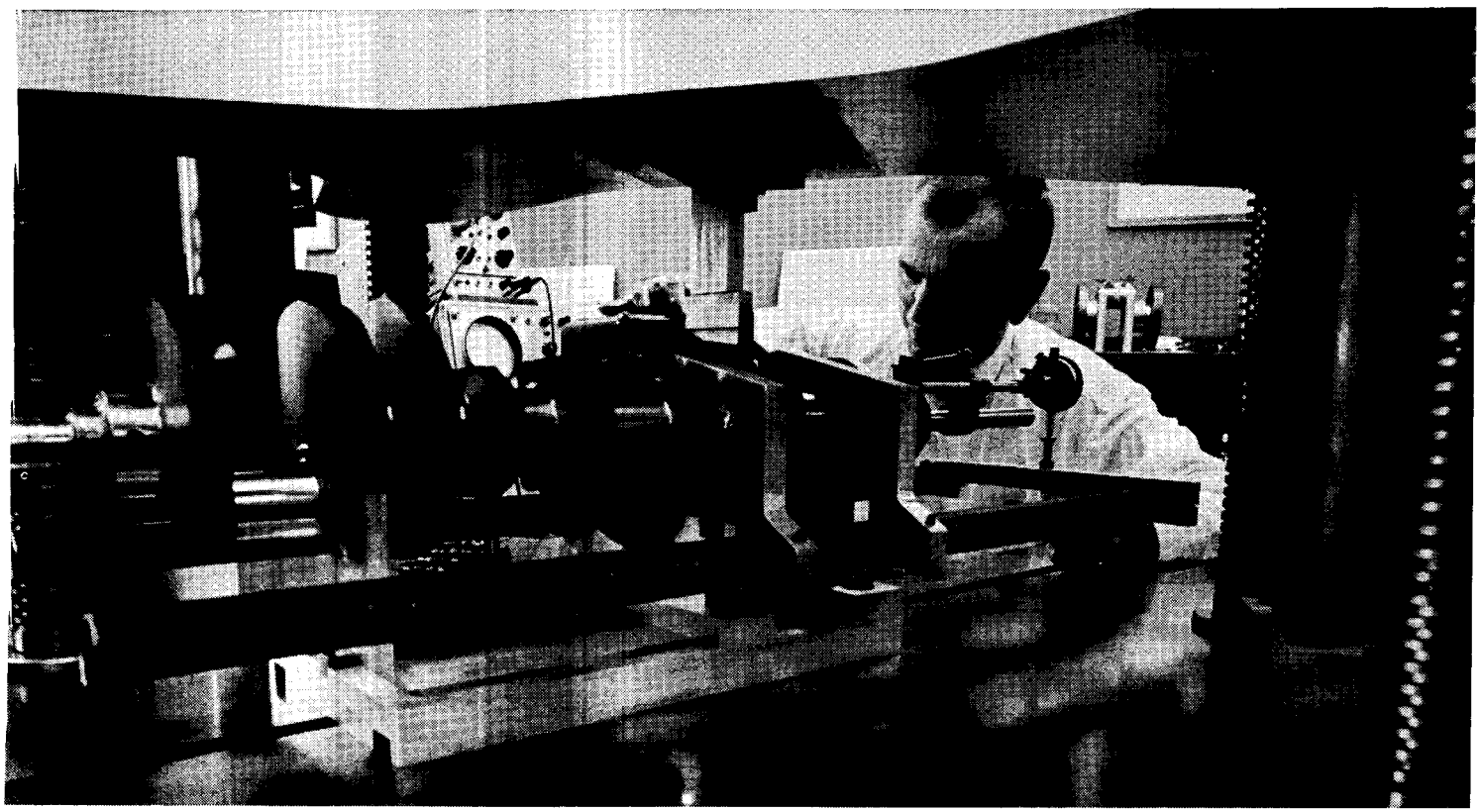

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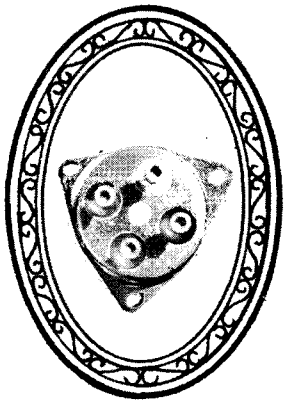

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OCTOBER 18, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

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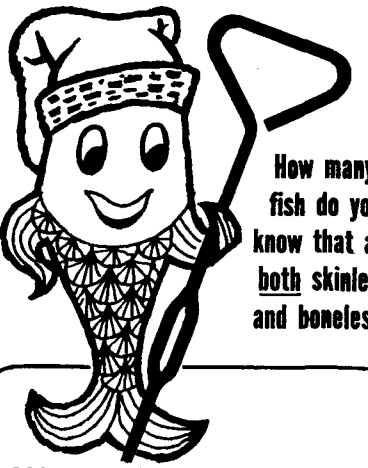
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The eminent Mr. **John Dos Passos** conducts a graceful tutorial session (in the form of an Introduction to a new edition of Russell Kirk's *The American Cause*) for his young compatriots who feel constrained to hoist high the bonny banners of protest. It is, he says, an unfathomable tragedy that they fall prey, so many of them, to tattered slogans now forty years old . . . To our astonishment, a telephone call to the Pentagon brought in the information that no one else had ever called to ask for photographs documenting Vietcong atrocities. We publish a selection of these horrors, lest we forget the quality of the forces we are fighting in South Vietnam. . . . Mr. **Holmes Alexander,** journalist-columnist-novelist-*raconteur,* examines the state of Georgia, whose voters will recognize, he says, a brighter future with Mr. Howard H. Callaway than with the unregenerate Democratic rednecking of Lester Maddox; and the state of Texas, where that prodigy John Tower is running for a second term in the Senate against a humdrum Democrat; and Ohio, where the honorable John Ashbrook, redistricted two years ago, seeks to hold fast his seat against the mugwump Bob Secrest. . . . **"Ian Bay"** is the pen name of a politician now practicing (makes perfect) in Pennsylvania, where William Scranton's Lt. Governor Ray Shafer is busily losing the gubernatorial race to moneybags Milton Shapp, who seems to be the first politician in history to announce beforehand just how much he expects to pay for his election. . . . **Peter Witonski,** linguist, cellist, scholar, is home from Alabama whither his summer's tour at *NR* took him. Mr. Witonski is off to Oxford this month to complete his work towards a doctorate in mediaeval history.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** remarks the sudden climax of racial disorders, and puts in a bid for a moratorium in the interest of all concerned—lest the Negroes lose their most valuable asset, the good will of the white community, and lest the white community lose its most valuable asset, its moral concern. . . . **James Burnham** casts a scornful eye upon the stupefying hypocrisy of the British and American spokesmen who call, ever so sanctimoniously, for democratic rule in Rhodesia, while they accept anything but democratic rule in most of the rest of black Africa, yellow Asia, and here and there in white Europe (not to mention Latin America, the cradle of the junta, and our Ally for Progress). . . . In a delectable piece of writing on how to make a camera translate inedible stuff into advertising shots of food too good to eat, **Nika Standen Hazelton** rings the changes on reality and Mad Alley. She once fried 47 eggs, waiting for that one perfect round one to photograph.

➔ **Francis Russell,** having done apples for the season, turns to corn, Pierre Salinger's memoir *With Kennedy.* . . . **William S. Schlamm** is unterrified by Norman O. Brown's *Love's Body,* a book that brings out the very best of Schlamm and, it seems, not the very best of those whom it plagiarizes. Is "is" a dirty word? Yes, it . . . Prof. **Charles Thomas Samuels** (English, Williams College) has a good honest go at Norman Mailer's *Cannibals and Christians,* concluding that Mr. Mailer had better charge his battery. . . . **Priscilla Buckley,** before taking off on a motor trip through southern France, saw *Wait a Minim!* and *Man of La Mancha* and recommends you do, too. ➔



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TO THE EDITOR

Geltman on Judaism

There are few more cogent and brilliant writers than Max Geltman, and I particularly refer to his article, "The Jewish Affirmation," in *NR* of October 4th. However, I winced at his gently amused contempt—with illustrations of the titles of some rabbis' sermons as advertised in the *New York Times*—at the subject matter of many sermons being offered these days in synagogues.

Not too long ago I spent a Sunday in another city and saw the advertisements in a local paper of local Christian churches, and the titles of the sermons. I copied a few for my ever-present diary, not for laughter or contempt but in sadness and sympathy for the beleaguered clergy: "What New Fashions Mean for Our Young," "Techniques of Golf for Everyday Living," "A Holy Supreme Court?" "After Civil Rights, What?" "Social Gospel *versus* Mythology," "Literature in a Changing World," "The New Woman," and, of course, a "review" of a particularly pornographic novel now high on the best-seller lists.

Much has always been said of the false shepherds who lead the sheep astray, but sin is a two-way street and it is very possible that the stupid and doltish and hard-hearted sheep are often leading the clergy astray and convincing them, by especially cruel and indifferent attitudes, that only a circus will bring them into church for the purpose—we will presume—of saving whatever souls they may possibly have. Religion has not failed the people. It just has never been tried, and the clergy are not exclusively to blame. Most of the sheep need to have their heads kicked in—and vigorously. They are not worthy of their clergy, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, Mr. Geltman.

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

As a Jew and a conservative, I found Max Geltman's "The Jewish Affirmation" more shallow than profound, and more conducive to misunderstanding, than understanding, of Jewishness.

If Mr. Geltman can find no "representative spokesman for American Jewry," it could just be because ours is the most decentralized of religions. We have no pontiff, and acknowledge no central authority, or ecclesiastic hierarchy. He barely mentions the word "individualism," and this is really the crux of the matter—that Jews are individualists.

Mr. Geltman writes that the Jewish community is made up "of the most proudly patriotic and the most totally

(Continued on p. 1022)

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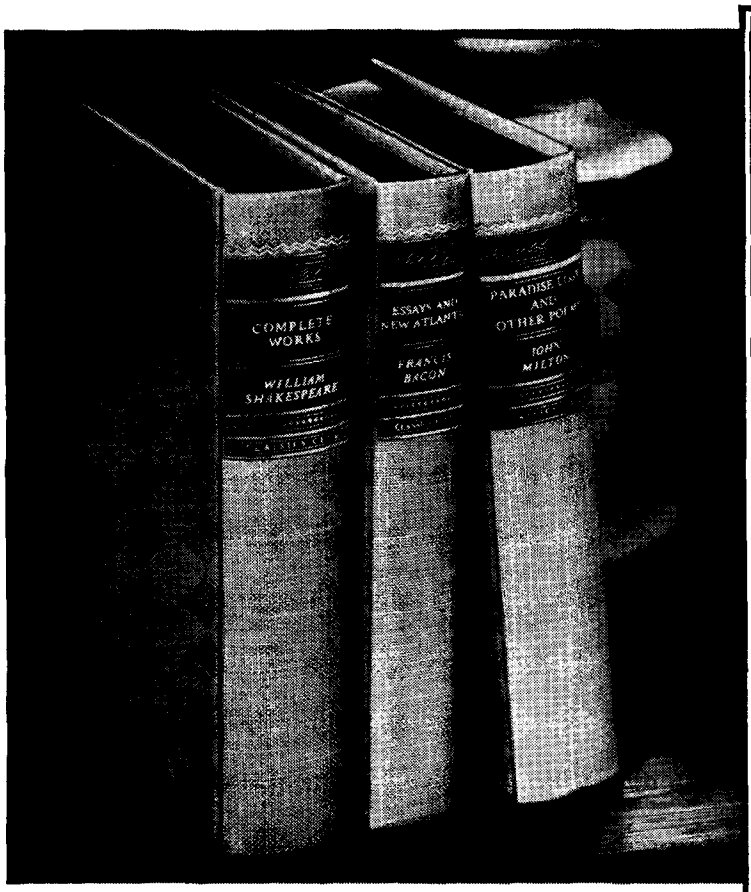

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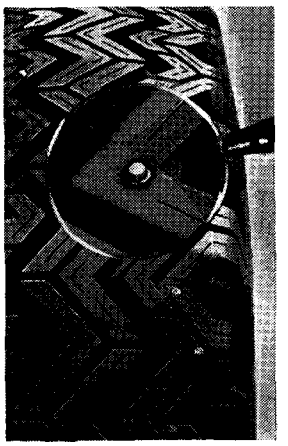

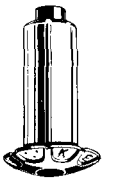

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1020)

subversive, of the holy and the profane." But in this diverse world of ours, patriots and subversives have come from nearly every racial and religious background. One can point out that Karl Marx came of a Jewish background, and Stalin studied for the priesthood, but what does that prove? And what does Mr. Geltman think he's proving?

(Continued on p. 1024)

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d) Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	1,685	1,853
e) Total distribution (Sum of c and d):	98,709	90,765
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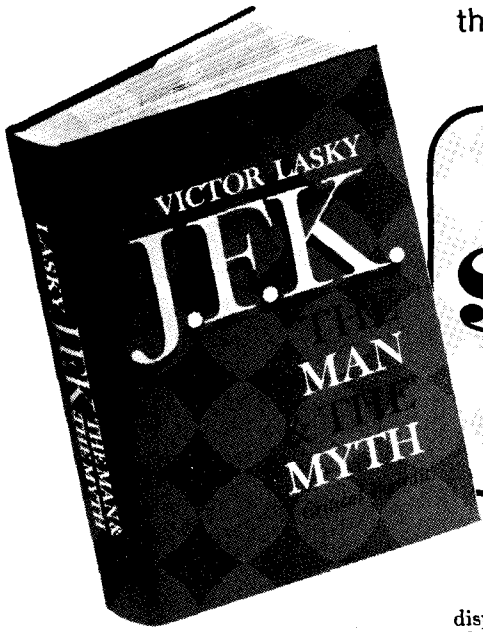

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This book appeared in September, 1963 and immediately blazed its way to the top of the bestseller list. Two months later, John F. Kennedy was felled by a Communist assassin.

The tragic death of President Kennedy has understandably muted much of the criticism of his Administration. Yet the record must not be ignored — because the men who made it, and their policies, are still with us. And these men are only too eager to rewrite history. (As Lasky has observed, Arthur Schlesinger manages to write 1,087 pages on JFK without once mentioning Lee Harvey Oswald!)

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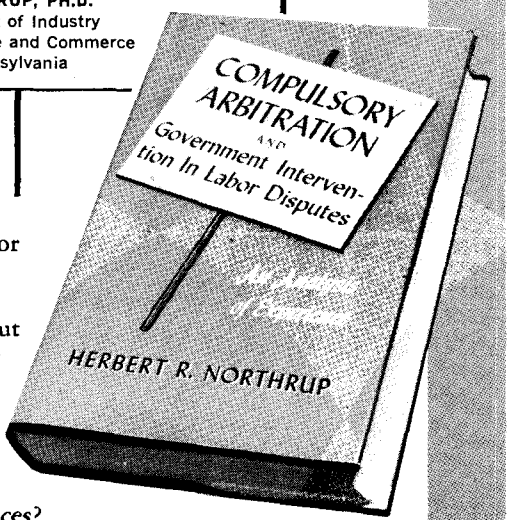
COMPULSORY ARBITRATION AND Government Intervention In Labor Disputes

by
HERBERT R. NORTHRUP, PH.D.
Chairman, Department of Industry
Wharton School of Finance and Commerce
University of Pennsylvania



▶ Is there any substitute for strikes?

▶ What is the truth about compulsory arbitration?

▶ Who supports it? What has caused the drift in that direction? What are the consequences?

▶ What about "preventive conciliation"? The conciliation and mediation procedure generally?

▶ What effect does the intrusion of government have on strikes, on the willingness of the parties to settle, and on the settlement itself?

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1022)

Finally, he fears that Judaism "may well wind up with no more history to record." This fear is not very new—nor is its answer—as witness this couplet from English clergyman George Crabbe's *The Borough*, written over 150 years ago:

A people still, whose common ties are gone;
who, mixed with every race, are lost in none.

Brooklyn, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

You are to be commended for publishing Max Geltman's excellent article on Judaism. It is one of the most informative I have ever read.

At the same time, I should like to protest the statement that Dietrich Bonhoeffer was confused and did not know why he was dying. His struggle against the Nazis extended over a thirteen-year period and is well recorded. His last words as he was led to the scaffold were: "This is the end—for me the beginning of life." These are not the words of a confused man.

The current Bonhoeffer controversy

(Continued on p. 1069)

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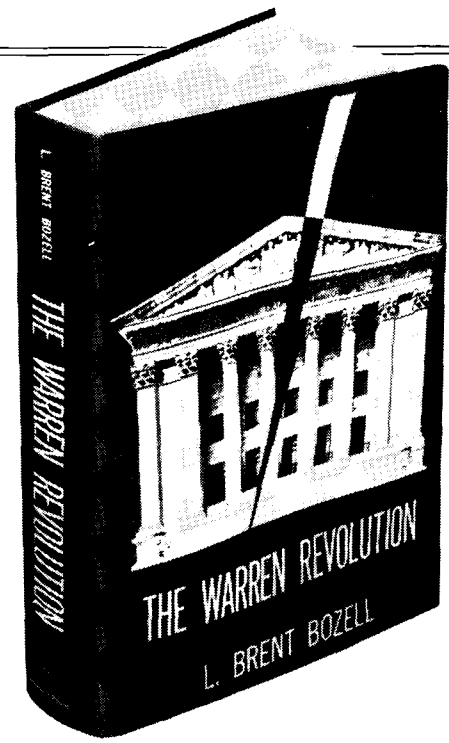

A Selection of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

IN THIS long-awaited volume, just off press, L. Brent Bozell — lawyer, author, editor of the new magazine *Triumph* — offers his relentless brief against the actions of the Supreme Court and its apologists over the past decade. His inexorable conclusion:

Through "the quietest of revolutions", the Warren Court has so radically altered the nature and function of the highest judiciary that our Founding Fathers would no longer recognize it. What they designed as one of the participating branches of the government, with well-defined powers coordinate to those of Congress and the President and ultimately subordinate to those of the people, has now become the dominating, domineering power, answerable to none but itself.

How did it happen? How did a nation that prides itself on being ruled by law allow these judges to become legislators by whim and political prejudice? With an easy scholarship that is a delight to read, Brent Bozell probes the key decisions and subjects each one to merciless analysis.

High Court Parade of Non Sequiturs

Mr. Bozell reviews the recent cases in which the Warren Court claimed to be sole and final arbiter of the Constitution. These decisions, the Court maintained, would determine not only the rights of the litigants but of every other branch of government, of every private citizen. School desegregation, prosecution of Communists, school prayer — did the Court in these cases render its decisions with due respect for the traditional standards of the Constitution, the legal precedents, the canons of historical research? Have the precedents which the Court cited been genuinely relevant? *Do they actually prove what the Court asserts they prove?*

Most citizens do not have access to the raw data on the cases cited (some going back more than a century). They must rely entirely upon what the Warren Court says. But Brent Bozell goes back to the sources — and turns up some astonishing facts. The "precedents" turn out to be *non sequiturs*. The Court's logic is often shaky. Indeed, in more than one case Bozell proves *actual manipulation of the evidence* . . . and leaves us wondering about the candor and intellectual honesty of the Justices.

Here is a sampling of the valuable data contained in *The Warren Revolution:*

- *Why the only way we can control the Court is by a Constitutional amendment to cancel out each and every bad decision.*
- *How the Supreme Court twice ordered a Communist freed who was caught delivering atomic secrets to a Soviet official — and thereby influenced several states to dismiss their own cases against subversives.*
- *The editorial "decision" that the Warren Court's rulings on apportionment "have unquestionably become the law of the land", and that "It is not the function of Congress to set aside that law, or to thwart its operation"!*
- *The decision that told American legislatures that they are no longer masters of their own houses, despite the Constitution's explicit provision that they should be.*
- *Non-segregated schools required by the 14th Amendment? Startling Court decisions reveal the shaky legal basis for* Brown vs. Board of Education.
- *The Warren Court's disturbing insistence that its rulings apply not only to the case at hand, but must serve for all future cases: a ruling which may not be called into question by any other court, or even by any elected legislature, state or national.*

Risk-Free Examination

The Warren Revolution is an important volume no scholar of jurisprudence or Constitutional law will dare to ignore. But lay readers will likewise find it engrossing, for Mr. Bozell has steered clear of "legalese". Here is a book that will be a treat for anyone who can savor the pleasure in following a line of logical reasoning . . . who can enjoy a suave stylist polishing off his adversary with the flick of a phrase.

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The WEEK

● An Impeach Earl Warren Commission has been founded. Board of Directors: Mark Lane, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Norman Mailer, Dwight Macdonald, Richard Goodwin, Lord Bertrand Russell.

● Where does the dust go when you sweep it out the door? To Los Angeles, where it joins the New Left and holds a "Conference on Power and Politics." Prominent conferees were Julian Bond, who was excluded from the Georgia legislature and resigned from SNCC; Simon Casady, who was too far to the left even for the California Democratic Council; Robert Scheer of *Ramparts,* "peace" candidate defeated in the Democratic primary; Harvey Wheeler, author of *Fail* (hmmm) *Safe;* and Stanley Sheinbaum, defeated candidate. The Conference was notably high on black power and even more notably low on Democratic Governor Brown, who is running puffily against Ronald Reagan. Meanwhile at the Palladium, Liberals rallied around Brown, among them the Right Rev. James A. Pike. Hearing of the anti-Brown resolution, Pike posted across town to head 'em off but was booed down. "This could be the beginning of a third party," crowed loser Scheer. Pike, former Bishop of California who may have to face trial on his fifth charge of heresy under Episcopal law, had no comment.

● Mr. Luther Sidberry of Philadelphia is fighting mad. He writes, in the Sept. 10 *Newsletter* of the National Right to Work Committee: "The key to my whole problem is the compulsory union shop—a fact recognized by the National Right to Work Committee but *not* by the NAACP, the AFL-CIO, the Urban League, the American Civil Liberties Union or any of the other so-called friends of the Negro. . . . The combination of irresponsible union leadership and spineless management has kept me from working at what I'm best at—being a motion picture projectionist —for a number of years and cost me thousands of dollars in pay. There is no question in my mind that without compulsory unionism 'Jim Crow unionism' would disappear fast in this town."

● Our man at the U.S. Treasury has forwarded a copy of proposed Treasury Regulations, Chapter 713, on Nondiscrimination. "The most disturbing aspect of these regulations," he writes, "is that implementation of all facets of the equal employment opportunity program is now a part of the official duties of each Treasury employee, regardless of his personal convictions. Treasury employees are actually urged to join the NAACP, the Urban League (not SNCC), and others; to support open occupancy in housing, and other Administration projects. . . . The vast majority of supervisory employees secretly resent this latest incursion in their private lives. . . . After fifteen years with Treasury, I plan to resign."

● Dear Mr. President: There are two kinds of intellectuals, good and bad. Mr. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., who wrote all those nasties about you in that Kennedy book of his, is a good intellectual. Mr. Eric Goldman was a bad intellectual until he left your service with a lot of little nasties that he is going to put in *his* book. Now he is a good intellectual, too. Mr. Walt Whitman Rostow of MIT, who is one of your advisers on foreign affairs, has been a bad intellectual for two, three years now. His brother, Eugene Debs Rostow the Good (with a name like that who could be bad?), fell under Walt Whitman's influence (with a name like that who could doubt it would happen?) and became an Under Secretary of State a few weeks ago. He will go bad very soon. Mr. Richard Goodwin has gone from who's he to good to bad to who's he to good again all in the time it takes to be discovered by Kennedy, retained by you, dismayed by you, and fed up with you. The worst Bad of all time is the ADA fink John P. Roche who has taken Mr. Goldman's place at your side and who has attacked all those (some live in New York, others, he says, on Cape Cod) who determine the goodness and badness of intellectuals. This group uses proximity as a measuring stick. It is possible to be good and stay in the Administration but only if one is an ambassador like George Kennan, Foy D. Kohler or Arthur Goldberg. However, John Kenneth Galbraith had the unusual foresight to resign six months before you took office. He is an Excellent. Mr. Galbraith's post in India was taken by Chester Bowles. Mr. Bowles is a who's he.

● The involuted dialectic of the Sino-Soviet conflict continues to display its antitheses. On October 1, at a vast Peking celebration of Red China's 17th anniversary, Crown Prince Lin Piao lashed out so fiercely at Moscow—charging a plot between "imperialism headed by the United States and modern revisionism, with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union at its center, [to] stamp out the raging flames of the Vietnamese people's national revolution"—that the Soviet and some other east European representatives left the reviewing stand. Two days later Moscow announced a major new aid treaty with Hanoi, and U.S. sources revealed that Soviet personnel are now taking an "operational [i.e., combat] role" in North Vietnam as well as advising and training, that many Vietnam pilots are being trained in the Soviet Union, and that advanced Soviet MIG-21s, anti-aircraft missiles and other weapons are being shipped in at rising rates—as Peking of course knows, since most of the personnel and much of the supplies go by rail through China or overfly Chinese territory with stops in transit at Chinese airports.

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● UAR President Nasser has just completed a visit to Dar es Salaam, where he and Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere discussed tactics to be followed at the summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity, scheduled to open November 5 at Addis Ababa. Rhodesia will be the main issue, and Nasser believes the African states should adopt a more militant line. Unlike most of the other African nations, the UAR is able to offer Zambia some meaningful military support, including air squadrons, if a decision is made to risk fighting in an all-out attempt to bring down Ian Smith's regime. Zambia's President, Kenneth Kaunda (perhaps with an eye on Yemen), shies away from the prospect of solely Egyptian military units in his country. But if Ethiopia, at the OAU meeting, undertakes to send some sort of military force, Kaunda would be willing to accept the Egyptian military presence. He reasons, correctly, that the assistance would imply American approval, and would thus even up the scale that Egyptian troops would otherwise tip too far eastward.

● The UN has been infiltrated by a cell of free enterprisers. Three separate UN operations are now in the black. The guided tours rake in more than $1 million annually, and a couple of hundred thousands more come from the souvenir and gift shop. But the big money-maker is the Stamp Department, whose annual net has risen to nearly $6 million. Only 16 per cent of the stamps sold are used for postal purposes; the rest are bought up by collectors and dealers. To keep the customers coming back, the UN has issued 99 different stamps, with seven more (including a memorial to the International Coffee Agreement) coming up this year. Last summer millions of sheets of all 99 were loaded on a specially built aluminum trailer 45 feet along, which—preceded by a car full of multilingual translators—was tugged across both Western and Eastern Europe, hawking stamps on the highways and byways to all comers.

● A singular "industrial accident" case was decided recently in San Francisco. The complainant, a Negro woman school custodian, alleged that she suffered neurosis, chest pains, shortness of breath and internal bleeding as the result of racial discrimination on the job. The decision, handed down without a hearing by the Workmen's Compensation Appeals Board, was based largely on the report filed by a Negro psychiatrist, Dr. Price M. Cobbs. "From the standpoint of [the complainant's] individual psychodynamics," he wrote, "it seems apparent that she has a paranoid reaction. . . . It would appear that over the years she gradually developed some persecutory fantasies. . . . These gradually built up and . . . . she was unable to continue working." The woman was awarded $7,000.

● The French press has been carrying reports that indicate the firmness of Brazil's new President, General Arthur Costa e Silva. All politicians who abetted the recent rebellions in university circles will be placed under house arrest, and the country is being warned against further insurgency. In particular, President Costa e Silva has warned that Communist China is involved in a new campaign of agitation and subversion, that Chinese agents are inciting the workers to rebel, and that the country should prepare itself against an uproar that will far exceed the recent turmoil in the universities.

● The old quota system, long the basis of our immigration laws, has become unwieldly and arbitrary. It discriminated against, among other folk, tens of thousands of Poles who were being made to wait to enter this country while other more favored nations were way short of their quotas. Now, under the enlightened new law of the Great Society, things have changed. Anyone, we say, can come to America if his skills are needed. In Poland things have changed too. The government just reclassified as "laborers" all those doctors, engineers, scientists *et al.* it would prefer not to do without, and told them: "*Your* skills aren't needed in America. Unpack." It's called liberalizing the immigration laws.

● The Vietnam war-peace question will receive a peculiarly direct test at the polls of the 24th Congressional District in Ohio, where Democrat James Pelley faces Republican Donald "Buz" Lukens. Pelley is a signer of the Voters Peace Pledge (a caper organized by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy) and has the implicit editorial support of *The Worker* (May 10, May 22, for example). Lukens, a former national chairman of the Young Republicans, boasts a record of talented service to his country (he speaks Russian, Japanese, Greek, and on and on) in Counter Intelligence, Military Personnel Security, Special Investigations; and served twice as a political delegate to NATO sponsored meetings.

● In case you haven't noticed, it's all systems GO with the Young Americans for Freedom. The September issue of their national magazine, the *New Guard*, is bursting with energy, wit, information, beauty, and innovation. That last can be summed up in a back-page spread of photos of the Reagans of California, plus an insert of a plastic sheet on which has been soundtracked the most famous speech of 1964, in 33 1/3 rpm yet. How about that? Congratulations to editor David Franke and all hands.

● The American Conservative Union (John Ashbrook, chairman) has issued an excellent report on that incessant foghorn of Liberal Republicanism, the Ripon Society. The report shows how the Society came into being, who are the people behind it and what are their connections with other organizations and politicians, where the money comes from, and

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how Ripon goes wrong. The Ripon crowd claim, for instance, that conservatism in 1964 was proven to be bad medicine for the GOP. On the contrary, says ACU, "In 1964 two Republican Governors were defeated; but three more Republican Governors defeated Democrats for a net gain of one Republican Governor. The GOP lost 38 seats in the House and two seats in the Senate in 1964. Compare that record with the results in 1948, when the Presidential candidate was New York Gov. Thomas E. Dewey. . . . In that year, the Republican Party lost nine seats in the Senate, and went from a majority to a minority in that body. The Dewey candidacy also presided over the defeat of seven Republican Governors, reducing the previous majority of GOP Governors to a minority. . . ." A very informative and useful study. (Available at ACU, 1010 Vermont Ave. N.W., Wash., D.C.; 25¢ per single copy, five for $1.)

● "At the time of Munich the *Times* was terrible," the *Times* last week reported Harold Macmillan saying in an interview. " 'However,' added Mr. Macmillan, 'I will say about the *Times*, that every 25 years it publishes a book to show how wrong it has been over the great problems of the previous quarter of a century—what one might call a kind of journalistic Buchmanism which is really quite remarkable.' " That's the *Times* of London, of course.

'No Court Above You'

The Vietnam war is hard on the Vietnamese, hard on the American and allied troops in the field, very hard on the Johnson Administration, which must make the exceedingly painful decisions, but sometimes it seems hardest of all on the GOP. What is a poor Republican to do? If he denounces the war, he is unpatriotic. If he supports it, he is an LBJ stooge. So? So not a few Republicans, not unnaturally, try to find formulas for denouncing it and supporting it at the same time. President Johnson has committed a folly by getting us into a land war in Asia, and Senator Fulbright is practically a Vietnik in calling for withdrawal, and we've got to punish Hanoi enough to force it to quit, and we must take the initiative in getting to the peace table. So, in total effect, George Romney; and Representatives Laird and Ford, who for some months were coming in fairly loud and clear, have also begun tripletalking as an election draws near.

Richard Nixon, however, has so far tried no tricks in running this difficult course. He has understood the necessity for resisting the Communist advance into Southeast Asia, and has unequivocally backed the President's actions insofar as he judges they serve that aim. While doing so, he has made proposals of his own, both negative and positive, concerning the Administration's conduct of the war. In particular, he has criticized the excessive restrictions imposed on the combat forces, and has called for greatly stepped-up air and sea operations against North Vietnam. Mr. Nixon continues his responsibly critical support in a statement issued September 28 on the forthcoming Manila conference, at which President Johnson is to meet with the heads of government of our active allies in the war, South Vietnam, the Philippine Republic, North Korea, New Zealand and Australia (plus a thousand or so global journalists, not to speak of aides, secretaries and security agents —after all, New Zealand and Australia have elections coming up).

Mr. Nixon calls on the President to repudiate, prior to the conference, two proposals his Administration seems to have made to the Communists. "The first is the offer to return to Geneva to settle the Vietnam war. Twice Asians have gone to Geneva to watch the diplomats from London and Paris and Moscow bargain away their national interests to Communists. . . . Asians will not again return to Geneva; to them Geneva means partition, appeasement and another war. . . The second proposal which the President should publicly repudiate and withdraw is the offer which Ambassador Goldberg has made to the Communist regime in Hanoi . . .: 'We are prepared to order a cessation of all bombing of North Vietnam the moment we are assured, privately or otherwise, that this step will be answered promptly by a corresponding de-escalation from the other side.' Mr. Goldberg has thus pledged to give North Vietnamese supply columns and troops trains immunity from aerial attacks simply on the basis of a secret promise from a Communist diplomat. This offer returns American diplomacy to the naive days of Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam. . . . Any agreement with a Communist regime should carry with it either the means of enforcement, safeguards or adequate provision for inspection." Amen to both prayers.

But it was Mr. Nixon's former commander, Dwight Eisenhower, who two days later laid the central strategic issue on the line, in the way he often has when a) the problem is within his professional field. and b) he has no responsibility for acting on it. At a press conference in Chicago, followed up the next day in Washington, General Eisenhower opposed the *gradual* escalation of the war that has been the Johnson strategy, and advocated the immediate use of "as much force as we need to win." When the reporters asked whether that might mean nuclear weapons, he refused to rule them out, and affirmed: "If they gave me the problem, I'd take any action to win." In Washington, to the same questions he answered with unprecedented syntactical clarity: "I would not automatically preclude anything. When you appeal to force to carry out the policies of America abroad there is no court above you. I would do anything that would bring the war to an honorable and successful conclusion as rapidly as possible."

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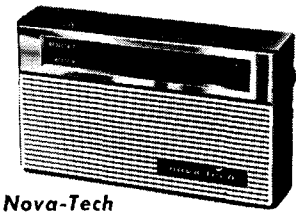

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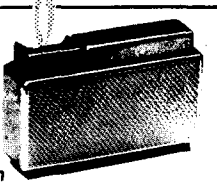

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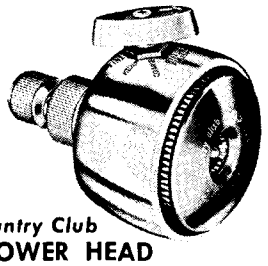

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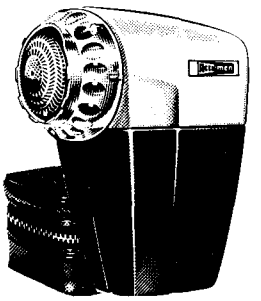

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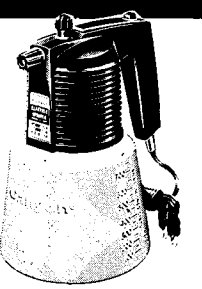

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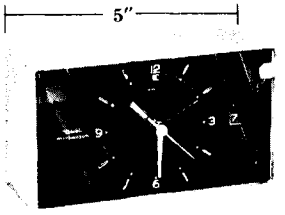

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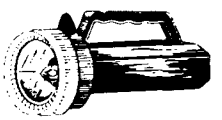

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About the Author

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. is known to millions for his TV show "The Firing Line," and as a syndicated newspaper columnist and author of a half-dozen books, including "God and Man at Yale" and "Up from Liberalism." Buckley is also, of course, Editor-in-Chief of National Review.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The "White Backlash" is the No. 1 issue on the minds of congressmen today. It has resulted in actions which would have been unthinkable only a few months ago. Since the defeat of the Civil Rights Bill in the Senate, these events have taken place on Capitol Hill: (1) the Senate Appropriations Committee questioned the legality of HEW's school and hospital desegregation guidelines. The guidelines were regarded by civil rights leaders as the heart of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. (2) The Senate accepted the criticism of the Appropriations Committee and voted 55-11 to allow hospital segregation in cases involving the physical and mental well-being of patients. (3) The Senate also accepted (40-25) a House cut of $500,000 in the HEW Budget, which eliminated more than half of the 75 inspectors hired to check on desegregation compliance by schools and hospitals. Many Northern and Western Liberals joined Republicans and Southern Democrats on both of these votes, and both times more than thirty Liberal Senators were conveniently absent. (4) Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield joined the parade and agreed that hospital desegregation was proceeding "too fast." (5) A clause which could have been used by the Administration to force housing and school integration was removed to give the "demonstration cities" bill a chance of passage. (6) The Senate Labor Committee struck out of a school-aid bill a provision aimed by Teddy Kennedy at *de facto* segregation. (7) The House Judiciary Committee began hearings on some sixty proposals aimed at curbing riots. (8) The House without opposition adopted an amendment to the Anti-Poverty Bill, proposed by Rep. Joel T. Broyhill (R., Va.), which bars poverty workers from encouraging or participating in civil disturbances or riots. (9) A Northern Democrat, Rep. Wayne Hayes of Ohio, called for the resignation of the overbearing Commissioner of Education, Harold Howe. (10) An angry House Rules Committee called on Commissioner Howe to testify, to forestall which action. (11) House Judiciary Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler (D., NY) promised to investigate federal guidelines immediately after the November 8 elections. But a similar subcommittee set up by Celler last October consisted entirely of Liberals, causing Rep. William Colmer (D., Miss.) to comment that the new Celler proposal "would be like putting the cat in charge of the canary."

◆ Faced with public and congressional hostility, the Administration has given the public impression of retreat on the civil rights front. But behind the scenes, the gremlins—led by Education Commissioner Howe—continue their work. Their most breathtaking plan for achieving federal control of education, disguised as a civil rights/education measure, was exposed by Republicans led by Rep. Paul A. Fino of New York. Titled the "Equal Educational Opportunity Act of 1967," it would provide federal grants for construction of 110,000 school rooms with "preference for projects designed to alleviate segregation or racial imbalance." Commissioner Howe immediately labeled the exposed document an "unofficial discussion paper," and stated that HEW "has no intention of submitting legislation that would compel school bussing or rezoning." But when one considers that the key word in his denial is "compel," the statement becomes meaningless.

◆ There is speculation in Washington that the pruning of the powers of Adam Clayton Powell, chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, can be traced to that committee's domination by members of the Democratic Study Group. DSG is the association of ultra-Liberal congressmen who have long carried the torch against the seniority system. A Washington reporter who has queried every Democrat in the House about the semi-secret group reports to this column that all Democrats on the Powell Committee are members of DSG—except, interestingly, Powell himself and a Southerner, Ralph J. Scott (N.C.). Frank Thompson Jr., one of the three ringleaders of the anti-Powell campaign, is chairman of the DSG this year, and another committee member, Michigan's James G. O'Hara, is also an officer of DSG. There are two principal reasons why DSG would be interested in the anti-Powell move: (1) It freed—and possibly saved—the foremost pet legislation of the Liberals, the war on poverty, which Powell had delayed for months. (2) It establishes yet another precedent for action taken against a committee chairman, to be used in future moves against the seniority system itself. The war-on-Powell general, Rep. Sam Gibbons of Florida, has already announced he will call for more extensive "reforms", applicable to all committees, when the new Congress convenes in January. Powell made an excellent opening wedge because of his glaring misdeeds and his support of black power. This made it politically impossible for the outnumbered Republicans on the committee to oppose or expose the anti-Powell restrictions for what they really were.

—CATO

Gen. Eisenhower was making a key distinction that the ambiguity in the concept of "limited war" obscures. The limitation in the war may refer to *the political objective* or to *the methods of conduct*, and there is no necessary link between the two. Though there are differing judgments about where the limits should be drawn in the case of the objective of the Vietnam war, everyone agrees that it is limited—that this is not "the final conflict." But it does not follow that there must be a corresponding limitation in combat methods. A surgeon doesn't use a dull knife because he is only going to lance a boil instead of cutting out a cancerous lung. It is quite possible to think of fighting all-out for a limited goal. Not only possible: General Eisenhower's remarks can serve to remind us that this is often, even usually, the surest, quickest, cheapest, most efficient and in the end the most humane way of going about the job.

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The Crash of '66

You will not deny it is a crash, at least in Wall Street. The stock price averages have dropped 25 per cent this year—so far, this year—and on a recent pair of days you might have noticed New Highs 0, New Lows 594; followed by New Highs 0, New Lows 499. Hitting the new lows are all of the best names in the business, with certain exceptions, such as gold and silver mines.

These years began as the Soaring Sixties, and early in the game we were instructed from on high that a new system of federal surveillance would Get Us Moving. The new system was just as new and just as old as monetary inflation, and the results that have been predicted seem likely now to be at hand. International pressures have caught up with the inflationists. Foreign central banks, if they have debts to pay to the International Monetary Fund, cannot discharge their debts in dollars: the IMF is glutted up to its legal limit with dollars. Recently we borrowed $350 million of foreign currencies from the IMF in order to buy dollars back from countries that don't want dollars.

The long years of easy credit are at an end. Interest rates are at level that haven't been seen for a generation. Credit is actually being rationed. The Federal Reserve is willing to loan reserves to member banks at 4 1/2 per cent, but bank after bank prefers to pay 6 per cent to borrow *other* banks' unused reserves. It can only mean that the borrowing banks fear to expose their books to federal scrutiny. City after city reports that it is next to impossible to get mortgage money, and the most likely thing is that money will be even tighter in coming months.

This is, then, a crash, in the securities markets and in the topheavy credit structure. As such, it is healthy. Give it its head, and before long we shall have found solid ground again, ground for rebuilding. The great danger is that the process will be interfered with, be it from afar through international monetary events (a devaluation of the pound sterling is the most likely threat) or from Washington through over-solicitous controls. Either would prolong the Crash. A Crash prolonged becomes a Depression.

Confusion Compounded

The interview with Mr. Arlen Specter published in the October 10 issue of *U.S. News & World Report* can only harm the reputation of the Warren Commission. Mr. Specter does not deal at all with the more serious charges pressed by the Commission's critics, and one is left with a distinct impression that the facts of the case are hazy in his mind. This is somewhat understandable, since the literature of the assassination is now very extensive. But it is disturbing that at this time of day, when the matter has been subjected to such elaborate scrutiny, Mr. Specter should be the only man to come forward to defend the Commission, and that in doing so he should reveal so little awareness of the strengths of his opponents. Anyone who has already been persuaded by Mark Lane or Edward Epstein that the Commission was untrustworthy—and many persons have been so persuaded—will be anything but reassured when he sees one of the principal workers on the Commission evidently satisfied to repeat, without proving, all the assertions which were criticized only because they were unproven.

If the Commission's work has one glaring fault, it is that proving a case against Oswald (or against anyone) depends less upon exhaustiveness than upon intelligent selection and arrangement of pertinent matter. There is no more potent cause of mental indigestion than a mass of unsifted and often irrelevant detail. The immense bulkiness of the famous Report is due to its being swollen with extraneous material which is insufficiently related to the case against Oswald. Mr. Specter's interview in *U.S. News* is not helpful for throwing any new light at all upon the many facts which have been seriously questioned, but it does offer a revealing insight into the lumbering and generally incompetent thinking embodied in the Report.

A news story in the same issue of *U.S. News* offers a rundown of the "critical" books which is misleading, as well as an explanation of the suppression of certain evidence which is erroneous. The suppression of evidence involves the photographs and X-rays of the President's dead body which, if published, might confirm or disprove the allegation that all the wounds in the body came from behind him; a matter of considerable importance. The subject is of interest because the doctors in Dallas who first saw the body said there was an entrance wound in the front of the neck, and because on December 9, 1963, the FBI gave the Commission a report on the autopsy performed at Bethesda which is diametrically opposed to the Warren Report's version of the autopsy. These contradictions are at the root of much of the speculation going on. Photographs and X-rays made at Bethesda during the autopsy have not been included in the National Archives. Hence the outcry for the publication of these photographs.

The fate of these documents is very significant because even the doctor who performed the autopsy called them "invaluable." (Mr. Specter assures us that we should be content to accept the autopsy, as though there were no question as to precisely what the autopsy revealed. Accordingly, he says, the photographs made at the time are superfluous. He does not blame Robert Kennedy for suppressing these photos—and *U.S. News* has identified Mr. Specter as having been "in charge of this phase of the War-

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ren Commission investigation.") But in the accompanying news story, we read: "Official sources have told *U.S. News & World Report* that the complete set of pictures and X-rays was never made available to the Warren Commission, or its staff. Here is what these sources report: Robert F. Kennedy, then U.S. Attorney General and now a U.S. Senator from New York, took charge immediately and refused to let anyone else see the X-rays and pictures."

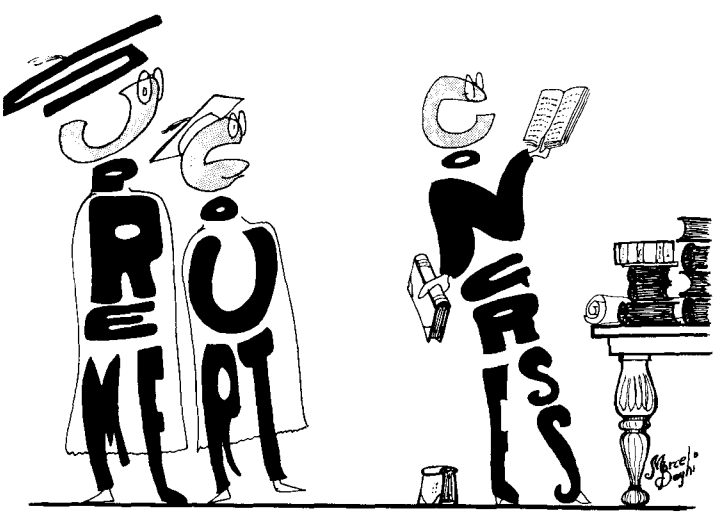
This would explain why these photos have never been published, and why they are not to be found anywhere in the National Archives with the rest of the material on the assassination. However, a spokesman for Senator Kennedy—Mr. Manciewicz, his press secretary—has told NATIONAL REVIEW that "the *U.S. News* story is not accurate." He flatly denied that Robert Kennedy is responsible for the suppression of the photographs and X-rays.

What's going on?

One-Nation-One-Vote

There are signs that the older and soberer UN members are getting fed up with the antics of the African bloc which, with a third of the UN votes, can always get enough Communist-miscellaneous-Asian support to put through any resolution that strikes its vivid fancy. Even the Asians, who customarily combine with the Africans, are beginning to complain that the solid African combine of 36 delegates (soon 38, with the forthcoming addition of Lesotho and Botswana) merely asks them to rubber stamp an African text. Old UN hands are distressed that not a few of the African resolutions are in patent violation of the Charter—a fact about which the Africans couldn't care less.

Thoughtful officials of the major Western nations are still more deeply concerned over the reckless and often bloodthirsty tenor of many of the African proposals. The latest instance is the African-drafted resolution of the UN's peripatetic Committee on Decolonization adopted June 22 in Algiers. It endorses all struggles and all forms of struggle against "colonial" (i.e. non-Communist white) rule, and calls on UN members to supply aid, including most explicitly military aid, to the revolutionaries. Portugal, South Africa and Rhodesia are named as primary villains, but Britain is included for its crimes in Aden, with the United States and France implicit as oppressors of the Pacific isles. Neither this nor any African-initiated resolution asks support of nationalist struggles against Soviet or Communist Chinese colonial rule, or of revolutionary struggles against black African dictatorships currently in the saddle.



"Who has the last word?"

Sober Voice of the 'Times'

The *New York Times* was in character, on September 29, when it concluded its editorial section with a churlish little squib on the departure from its columns, after 39 years, of its most distinguished contributor. The *Times* would not permit itself a lapse from ideological rigidity sufficient to pay graceful tribute even to its most venerable colleague. The *Times* owes much to Arthur Krock—who not only wrote with unfailing intelligence, learning, and integrity, but won his paper two Pulitzer Prizes and through 21 years of administrative labor built up the massive bureau that gives the *Times* its unparalleled access to the corridors and offices of official Washington. No journalist has a record of major Washington scoops to compare with Mr. Krock's. The reasons why he got them are that he has known everyone, and that everyone knows that he is a gentleman and a newspaperman of the old and best school, who can be trusted absolutely.

Mr. Krock, from his side, put no hypocritical gloss on his farewell. "If the [*Times*] management insists on having something about [my departure] in the news columns," he told a staff reporter, "just treat it as you would the painless removal of a menace to those who like to think of themselves as deserving well of the Republic." In his last "In the Nation: Finis" column, he stressed once more the "menaces of unresolved problems" on which he has for so long been the only *Times* voice defending the dissolving heritage of liberty and constitutional government: "The general and specific safeguards that were written into the Constitution to preserve the separation of the three powers of government have been steadily eroded by congressional delegations of its legislative power to the already swollen powers of the President. And the Supreme Court has expanded its appointed function to interpret the laws by de-

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cisions that in effect have been judge-made legislation and amendments of the Constitution to conform with the extreme liberal doctrine to which five justices currently subscribe. . . . The president's grandiose design of the Great Society is both kith and kin [to] the total welfare state."

Arthur Krock has been a newspaperman from his cradle; we feel sure his farewell to the *Times* is not a farewell to journalism and writing. We expect to continue to be enlightened by the informed acuteness of his future writings on national and global affairs. And we, with many, many others, will hope that some at least of his incomparable memories of the people who trod this century's national scene, about whom he talks with such vividness and wit, will come into print.

Sherman Billingsley, RIP

The Stork Club, in the Thirties and Forties, was New York, and New York in those years was a place not only the fatuous could refer to as a "fun city." Much of what was fun about New York then is still fun, sort of, today—its narrowly local *mystique*, its neurotic rhythm that, as Evelyn Waugh noted, its inhabitants mistake for energy. However, it has lost forever the glamor conferred upon it by distance. In the days before jets and TV and the superhighway, distance was real. *Going to New York*—it was an italicized adventure, and if you could get into the *Stork Club*. . .

Sherman Billingsley epitomized the unabashed and uncramped delight New Yorkers of those days took in the oglings of visitors. An Oklahoman by birth, he became the city's unofficial host and premier attraction at his own place on 53rd Street, which was never at a loss for attractions. He cruised the tables, materialized at the bars, and the famous red velvet rope at the entrance was the scourge or magic wand he used upon a growingly fractious town. He was always being picketed and toward the end the unions surrounded him. By the time the Stork Club finally closed last year the new day had long since dawned, the day of *discothèques* and the Playboy Club, where the owner never comes along to give perfume to the women or stand the men a drink.

Billingsley gave all his customers gifts, and was noted for it. So that in later life you could point to the ash tray you stole and say, "Sherm Billingsley gave me that."

Richard Hillman, RIP

Once again a right-reasoning young man of special promise has been struck down, like Robert Hurt a year ago and Robert Schuchman last spring. Richard Hillman studied political science at Yale under Professor Willmoore Kendall who deemed him among the two or three brightest students he had ever taught. He went on to Oxford to do graduate work in history and law, then to Harvard for a law degree, and finally to practice in New York City, with the distinguished firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett. During his youth he was greatly influenced by his father, Alex Hillman, the publisher and art collector, and by his father's friends. Mr. Hillman Sr. has been a lifelong student of the free society and has encouraged, with vivacity and insight, the conservative movement in its myriad manifestations—the movement to bring Ludwig von Mises to teach in New York, the proliferation of scholarly studies at his alma mater, the University of Chicago, the founding of the *Freeman* in 1949. He taught his son the spirit of independence and the love of freedom; and both he and his wife endowed their son with a singular charm. On Monday morning, October 3, returning from his country home in New Hampshire, Richard Hillman had a flat tire on the Connecticut throughway, by coincidence at just the moment when another driver, the jazz musician Dave Lambert, also had a flat. He went forward to help Lambert change his tire. An enormous trailer truck, roaring down the road, killed them both. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their deepest sympathies to the families of both victims.

Notes and Asides

Erratum. A letter from the *Sheridan Press* of Sheridan, *Wyoming* explains how wrong Russell Kirk's geography was in the Sept. 20 issue.

> In a recent issue of your magazine, Russell Kirk wrote an article entitled "The Fierce Phonics War." I have, of course, no objection to the points made in the article, but the Fierce Phonics War is attributed to Sheridan, Wyoming. We happen to cover the schools in Sheridan rather closely and to our knowledge there is no such war being waged here. In doing some checking, I feel the phonics war taking place in Sheridan, *Montana* is the one your writer is talking about.
>
> Some people in our county have read this article and naturally are wondering what they have missed. I think there has been a mistake here in proper identification of the state [there was.—Ed.], and I hope that this can be straightened out [it now is, we hope.—Ed.].

The American conservative movement has more in common with nineteenth-century liberalism than with eighteenth-century bourbonism, but we haven't been

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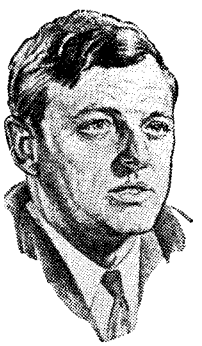
able to call ourselves liberals because the Fabian welfarists stole that term a couple of generations ago. So we have been using the term "libertarian" to describe that important aspect of conservative thought which places individual liberty high in the order of political goods. But now one notices, creeping in the back door, certain modern (i.e. socialist) Liberals beginning to call themselves "libertarians." If, now, we start calling ourselves eleutherophiles, you'll know why, of course.

On the Right

Time For a Hiatus?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

In Maryland the candidate of the segregationists won an unexpected primary victory and is likely to be the next governor. His campaign slogan? "Your home is your castle." In Georgia, another upset—Lester Maddox, the segregationist, defeating Ellis Arnall decisively—a year after the Civil Rights Act that guarantees the Negro against molestation on the way to the polls, two years after *Baker* vs. *Carr* and the one-man one-vote edict which was designed to break up redneck rural control of state politics.



Buckley

In San Francisco a baffled white community looked on helplessly as Negro teenagers busted up the joint, in retaliation against the shooting by a policeman of a young Negro refugee from justice. In St. Louis the elders of the city order the police to crack down on the firecracker disorders that have disrupted parts of the city slowly, excruciatingly, ignited by the warcry: Black Power.

In Washington, the lawmakers abandon the civil rights bill of 1966, designed among other things to forbid segregation in the sale or rental of housing. In New York Dr. George Gallup reveals that the public resistance to Negro demands is at the highest pitch since 1962.

In Montgomery, viewing the great sea-change in public opinion, George Wallace lets it be known that he contemplates running again for President in 1968. If he could do as well as he did in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland in 1964, when he took a third of the vote in the Democratic primaries, what might he be expected to do in the full tide of the blacklash, if it should continue to rise?

The time is at hand to depoliticalize the civil rights movement, for the sake of everyone involved. The black community has the most valuable asset to lose: the good will of the white majority, which desires the improvement of the lot of the Negro, but seems to be saying at this moment two things: 1) that the white people will not willingly surrender rights they consider essential to their own harmony—the right to guard their own communities against the convulsions of integrationist experimentation; and 2) that the Negro leadership is deficient in condemning the lawlessness of the young and raucous minority of Negroes who infer from all the rhetoric of the past season a right to rise up in anarchy against the law.

The white community stands to lose *its* most precious asset, which is the continuing moral concern for the improvement of the condition of the Negro. Nothing would be worse for the soul of the country than that as a result of gross miscalculations, zealotry, a desire by a few to profiteer politically, the white civil rights leadership should leave behind it the white community of right-minded people whose anxiety to reorder the relationship between the races is crucial to true progress however effected, whether politically, economically, or socially.

I don't as a rule put much store by grandiose statements of collective purpose, but a general reassurance ought surely to be attempted at this point.

The leaders of both political parties should: 1) pledge a five-year moratorium on any new civil rights legislation. 2) Community leaders—representatives of the churches, of civic organizations, of labor unions, and educational institutions—should pledge to work tirelessly to enforce existing laws and to shape public attitudes to the end of a gradual reconciliation between the races. 3) Representatives of the nation's foundations should pledge a vast sum of money to provide special opportunities for Negro students and for unskilled Negro workers.

Negro leaders should in turn: 1) pledge to cease immediately agitation for any additional federal legislation; 2) pledge to condemn instantly any riots, and to expel from membership in any of the accredited Negro associations any convicted rioter, or any agitator for riots or disorder; 3) pledge to devote all their efforts during the five-year hiatus to encouraging an intense educational and apprenticeship campaign to improve the natural bargaining power of the Negro for higher standing economically, intellectually, and socially.

Granted there would be those who wouldn't play the game—the Southern bitter-ender who gets his kicks from beating up little Negro girls; the Negro demagogue who wants peace like the Vietcong want peace. But if such extremists were isolated: if the former could cease to excuse himself on the grounds that he is a part of a movement to arrest the federal juggernaut; if the latter knew that any excess would court instant denunciation by the leaders of the Negro movement, we might hope, once again, to revive the spirit of common purpose.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Global Apartheid?

The hypocrisy of the British and American spokesmen on the Rhodesian issue is stupefying. In their speeches to Parliament, Congress and the United Nations they base their formal case against Ian Smith's regime on one argument, and, in the last analysis, on this one argument only: that his is a "minority government." "My Government," Ambassador Goldberg intoned to the UN Assembly, "holds strong views on these problems. We are not, and never will be, content with a minority government in Southern Rhodesia."

Burnham

The identical argument in British mouths carries a special fraudulent overtone, since it is the British who, on the Peking-recognition issue, have always appealed to the rule that recognition should be granted, automatically, to whatever happens to be the *de facto* government.

Minority Majorities

Do Britain and the United States in truth accept the principle that they will not recognize or do business with a "minority government"? If they did, they would certainly be living in a lonely diplomatic world. In all Africa there is not a single government that can show a legitimate claim to representing anything more than a minority—in most cases a considerably smaller minority than in Rhodesia. Actually, on a straight quantitative basis South Africa is probably the *most* democratic nation in Africa, and Rhodesia the next: at least their present governments are the free and open choices of the whites (and, quite possibly, the tacit choices of a fair number of non-whites). Who chose Boumedienne as ruler of Algeria? Or the rulers of either Congo, of Ghana, Nigeria, Zanzibar, Burundi. . .?

Africa is unique only in the rigor of its devotion to minority rule. In Asia there are only two or three governments that have some sort of connection with a democratic majority, and not many more in Latin America. What of the Communist bloc? Would their sort of regime in Rhodesia win Ambassador Goldberg's nod? Even Western Europe has its backsliders.

No, this formal argument used by the Anglo-Saxons to justify their attempt to destroy the Smith government cannot be taken seriously; it can be understood only as a verbal cover for a plain and simple racist position. Messrs. Wilson and Goldberg object to Ian Smith's government not because it is minority but because it is white. If the Rhodesian government had a much narrower quantitative base than at present, if it were an unmixed dictatorship, and were at the same time black, Goldberg and Wilson would recognize it quicker than you can say *"uhuru."*

Prime Minister Wilson, Ambassador Goldberg and their colleagues are not more wicked than the general run of mankind, and are undoubtedly more intelligent and informed. How, then, are we to explain those gross hypocrisies? Partly, no doubt, as delusions induced by Liberal drugs, but that doesn't seem enough to explain all the verbal acrobatics in this Rhodesian instance.

A further explanation might go something like this. For centuries, in part for millennia or forever, the peoples of most of Asia and Africa and much of Latin America have been passive, historically inert, while the nations of Europe, subsequently extending into America, have been the historically dynamic portion of mankind. In our epoch, the Asians and Africans have roused themselves, and moved historically on stage.

Now it is a fact, whether accident or fate, that the Europeans/North Americans a) are more or less equivalent to the whites, and b) are a small minority of the world's population. While the Afro-Asians (≡non-whites) were passive, the Europeans (≡whites) could handle the global situation without too much trouble. But what to do now that the non-whites are active and the whites have simultaneously lost their nerve?

Perhaps the entire process of empire-liquidation, *uhuru,* foreign aid, etc. can be thought of as a desperate effort of the whites to come to some sort of terms with the non-white majority. The implicitly proposed terms seem to be: political rule in each nation will be exercised by the color that has the majority—which in most cases is an overwhelming majority; the minority color will either get out or adapt itself to the racial order; the whites (in their own plans, at any rate) will keep the global cream by economic operations ("neo-colonialism").

Galactic Bantustan

In other words: a global order made up of Bantustans—white, black, brown and yellow Bantustans.

Only three nations (along with Portuguese Africa) now remain as major obstacles to this global re-organization: Rhodesia, South Africa and the United States—the first two because the minority color still anachronistically rules; the U.S. because the size of the minority color—especially since it happens to be on the majority side of the world spectrum—is too great to dismiss, liquidate or assimilate.

So the white governing elite concludes that in order to save its own neck it must cast the white minorities of Rhodesia and South Africa to the colored wolves—the Wilsons and Goldbergs knowing perfectly well that this must bring misery *also* to all but a handful of the particular non-whites locally involved (*cf.*, for today's example, Nigeria).

As for the U.S., is it thus to remain an historical surd—the only nation on earth attempting to deviate (with an increasingly conspicuous lack of success) from the otherwise universal Bantustan formula?

And now that we are moving out into the stars, what will be the logical color of a Bantustan Earth from a galactic point of view?

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The New Left: A Spook Out of the Past

With so much to protest about, all today's students and professors can do is revive the leftist mania of the 1920s. By one who remembers it well

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Ten years ago it was Panmunjom. Now it is the New Left. How is it possible for the stale dogmas of discredited Marxism still to appeal to young people in the colleges?

The record is there for any man to read.

Forty-nine years have gone by since Lenin and Trotsky seized power in what was then St. Petersburg and built the Communist Party out of the Bolshevik wing of the revolutionary Social Democrats. Whole libraries have filled up with the record of the heroisms, the frustrations, the failures, the massacres and famines which have resulted from the efforts of the Communist Party to impose the Marxist theory on the human race. Any student who wants to finger his way through the card catalogues can find clear and accurate accounts of the Russian civil war: of American relief of the consequent Russian famine in the early Twenties; of the power struggle between Stalin and Trotsky after Lenin's death, and Stalin's purges and the elimination of the more efficient peasants and of the small nationalities; and of Stalin's deal with Hitler which brought on the Second World War; and the endless daily killing and the destruction of every conceivable civilized value which followed the Communist conquest of China and North Vietnam.

Marxist Failures

The record is simple. In the past half century every form of Marxist revolution has been tried. In every case it has failed to produce a workable society. Each Communist dictatorship has provoked deeper misery and degradation than the last. The Marxist verbiage has degenerated into a cloak for the crudest forms of personal despotism. One thing only have the revolutions proved: under a sufficiently organized terrorist dictatorship revolt is impossible. The good men are shot down. The survivors go on living: man ends by accepting anything.

By one of history's mighty ironies it is in the Communist countries today that you find the oppression of working people that so horrified Marx when he studied early nineteenth-century industrialism in England: farm workers bound like serfs to the collectives, factory workers who dare not strike for better working conditions, every man's life shackled tight in a net of bureaucratic tyranny, every human value turned topsy turvy in a deceitful smog of propaganda that neither Marx nor Engels ever dreamed of.

Meanwhile the more fortunate populations of Western Europe and North America have managed to produce fairly workable societies. In spite of the shortsighted demagogy of many of the politicians in charge, their governments have not been able, so far, greatly to hamper the fantastic productivity of modern mass production. Even if they have done very little to solve the basic problem which the enthusiasts of fifty years ago believed socialism would have solved—the adaptation of modern industry to the spiritual and organic needs of the men and women who handle its machinery—at least they have left roads open to experiment and change.

The sudden recrudescence among American college professors and their students of the leftist delusions of the nineteenth-twenties is particularly hard to understand at a moment when it is becoming obvious that a very considerable ferment is going on among their contemporaries in Russia and Eastern Europe. Even if the only foreign news you get is through TV, how can you help noticing that something is changing the minds of the victims of Marxist dogma? Very considerable groups of thoughtful people are desperately searching for a way out.

Their efforts to see clearly are obstructed on the one hand by the police power. Milovan Djilas is still in prison for having dared publish *The New Class*. Andrei Sinyavsky is serving seven years at hard labor in Siberia for the crime of having circulated (under the name of Abram Tertz) a novel which not only showed talent but a sense of humor. Pasternak, probably the greatest Russian poet of his generation, was denied the Nobel Prize and hounded to his death. His offense was writing a narrative of the revolution in the candid humane tradition of the Russian classics. The police still rule the presses. The second difficulty the Communist educated writers have to cope with in their effort to find the truth and tell it is that they are not only prisoners of the barbed wire and the mine fields along their borders, but they are prisoners of an ideology which makes it impossible for them to draw rational comparisons between man's condition under socialism and under what they still call capitalism.

No Pickets for Sinyavsky

In *The New Leader* for August 30, 1965 there was translated an article by Mihajlo Mihajlov called "Why We Are Silent" which admirably illustrates this difficulty. Mihajlov is the Yugoslav college professor who got into serious trouble for his appraisal of the state of the literary craft in the Soviet Union, called "A Moscow Summer." Mihajlov is obviously an honest man, an intelligent man, and a courageous man, but when he tries to compare conditions under "capitalism" with conditions under "socialism" he is helpless because he has no inkling of the com-

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plications, the advantages or the shortcomings of the mixed economies under which we live in what we like to call the Free World. His notions about the United States date back to the anti-capitalist cartoons in the old *Masses* in the year 1910.

This sort of thinking—for all its limitations—is a far cry from the monolithic dogmatism of the old days. Mihajlov and the new Russian writers are people a man would like to talk to. You would think that our sociologists and historians who boast of their Marxist creed would interest themselves in the state of mind of their opposite numbers behind the barbed wire. Instead they avidly regurgitate the routine propaganda that comes from the desks of the foreign subversion departments of the police states.

With picketing as much the rage as crowding into phone booths or swallowing live goldfish was a few years ago, you would think that a few American students might have been found to picket for Sinyavsky and Daniel during their trial in Moscow. In Europe even party members raised their voices. In America the protest was so feeble as to be almost inaudible. Ever since the McCarthy hysteria it seems to be against the rules for American intellectuals to interest themselves in the realities of life in the Communist countries.

Just the other day I found myself in an assembly of men of letters discussing the pros and cons of government subsidies to the arts as part of the Great Society program. When I endeavored to suggest that some study of the workings of government subsidy in the Soviet Union might be to the point, nobody showed the slightest interest. Maybe I didn't speak loud enough.

We are reaching the heart of the matter. In the schools and colleges, as amid the whole caste of news gatherers and opinion moulders, for one man or woman who tries to look at the realities behind the catch phrases of international politics, ten accept them at their face value. Somewhere in the network of communications an inhibition has been set up against a rational examination of the forces that are fighting for supremacy in the world. This inhibition is to a certain extent the creation of organized propaganda, but it can also be thought of as part of a subconscious effort to cushion the pain of the failures of American statesmanship during the postwar period. This inhibition still exists. Its existence is the most effective weapon in the armory of the aggressors. As some spiders anesthetize their victims before devouring them, the Communists endeavor to anesthetize the thinking strata of the nations that stand in the way of world conquest. Those who are most influenced stoutly deny that they are under any influence at all.

If you told the professors and students, all in a flutter of self-righteousness under their black gowns and their mortar boards, who walked out on a speech by the Secretary of Defense at a recent college commencement, that what they did was equivalent to throwing a hand grenade into a squad of American soldiers, they would say you were mad. Yet the statement is literally true.

It has been repeated *ad nauseum* that propaganda has added a new

dimension to war but very few Americans yet understand what that means. If the President of the United States and his speech writers don't understand it, if the Administration leaders and most of the members of Congress don't understand it, how can you expect college students with the milk hardly dry behind their ears, who have been brought up in a solid ignorance of political or ethical principles, to understand it?

Does no one remember the importance Hitler gave to the pledges announced by British university students in the Thirties that under no circumstances would they fight for kind and country? These pledges helped convince Hitler that the English would not oppose his conquest of Europe. Hitler was wrong. Many of these same young men squandered their lives recklessly in the defense of their homes: but a little forethought might have averted all that ruin.

The forces of destruction we face today are far more dangerous than they were in Hitler's day. It is folly to encourage this sort of empty-headed exhibitionism, as the Administration spokesmen are doing, on the theory that dissent is per se a good thing.

Jail the dissenters, no. Try to talk a little sense into their heads, yes.

Take the case of Vietnam. How is it possible for any man not completely blinded by prejudice to read Marguerite Higgins' *Our Vietnam Nightmare* or the cool appraisal of Ho Chi Minh's methods in Hoang Van Chi's book translated under the title of *From Colonialism to Communism* without understanding that the tragic situation in Vietnam is the result of a carefully planned and patiently executed attempt at conquest from the North?

The question of the effectiveness of the methods used to remedy this situation by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations is another matter. Plenty of room for dissent there. But every well-intentioned dissenter must couch his protest in such terms as to make it useless to the machines tirelessly turning out anti-American propaganda in Paris and Peking and Moscow.

There is plenty to protest about. A good deal, not all, of our foreign policy has been disastrously mishandled since the first strategic errors, which threw the peace of the world into jeopardy for a hundred years, were committed at Yalta and Potsdam. Pacifism, if we define it as an earnest and sophisticated effort to avoid war, still has a role to play. There have been times when even marching and picketing and lying down in the street by convinced pacifists would have been useful. Demonstrations would have been in order when we helped establish Castro in Cuba, or at the time of the Bay of Pigs, or of the neutralization of Laos, or of the untimely abandonment of the blockade during the missile crisis in Cuba. Intelligent pacifists should protest when they see that mistakes in foreign policy are about to be committed which will make fresh wars inevitable.

In the world we live in it is too late to demand the immediate withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam without giving aid and comfort

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to the enemy. When will the American politicians get it into their heads that when they are fighting one Communist Party they are fighting them all? There is a distinct connection between the murder of Newcomb Mott and the President's determination to make a stand in Vietnam.

Certainly there are fissures and conflicts within the massive apparatus of international Communism; but the ideology, though somewhat tattered at home, continues to dominate foreign policy. Its destructive force is still immense. Read the history of the Khalifate. Bloody struggles for power in the seats of government hardly hindered the conquering march of the Muslim armies.

The tragedy, for the inhabitants of the Communist nations and for the world, is that, years after the Marxist theories have proved unworkable, when all the early brotherhood-of-man idealism has ebbed away from the centers of power, Communist organization for destruction and conquest still carries on as efficiently as ever.

It is no accident that when part of a graduating class walks out on a speech at some American college the event coincides with the disturbances of certain self-styled Buddhists in Saigon.

With a little sophistication it would be possible for the students and professors to protest to their hearts' content against war atrocities in Vietnam. All that is needed to make their manifestations unpalatable to the Communist propaganda mills is to include some mention of the torture and assassination of village leaders, the bombing of schools and hospitals and the Vietcong's long-term terrorizing of the civilian population. Gus Hall, whose exultant countenance appears in so many press photographs, would soon be laughing out of the other side of his mouth.

In some ways the delusions of the New Left can be considered the last sour exhalations of the decaying Liberal creed. Many of its manifestations can be written off as adolescent exhibitionism. But I can't help feeling that there are forces for good among those young people. They can still be saved from the routine treadmill of Communist subversion. Already the more perceptive among them must understand that they are being made monkeys of.

The new generation has so many problems to face that it seems a tragic waste to have any of its energy, or its ability for self-abnegation, or its goodwill, lost among the spooks and specters of the Communist underground. Once these young people got it into their heads that destruction of the social order was no cure for any of the social ills, they would find the challenge of their lives in the dilemmas presented by the daily need to reorganize our society.

Take a few random examples of problems for which Marxism offers no solution:

As the United States becomes one vast suburb our cities tend to die at the center.

At the moment when the mass production system reaches the peak of its productivity and is on the verge of assuring a fairly abundant life for all, we discover that some ten per cent of the population has dropped out of reach of the current prosperity.

The scheme of certain politicians to pauperize the so-called poor as a reservoir of captive votes is no answer at all.

With increasing affluence crime increases to epidemic proportions.

Air pollution confronts us with the question of whether we have to find a substitute for the internal combustion engine.

River pollution demands a new code of social ethics on the part of industrial management and municipal government.

Obsolete obsessions about greedy capitalists and exploited workers throw no light on these problems. Solutions, if they are found at all, will come from the application of inventive brains according to our American tradition of somehow managing to balance off the claims of personal liberty against the imperatives of efficient mass organization. For this task we need all the original thinking the new generation has to offer. A Left that was really new might be worth having.

"I get a lump in my throat when I see these encouraging little signs."

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Letter from Alabama

New Choice for the Deep South

PETER WITONSKI

Alabamians have labored under the burden of Populist demagogy. Alabama, once the heart of the Confederacy, became the Snopesian netherworld of American politics—the home of "Bull" Connor and Admiral Crommelin, of Collie Leroy Wilkins and Sheriff Jim Clark, of George and Lurleen Wallace, of Imperial Wizard Shelton and the United Klans of America.

Like the rest of the South, Alabama had become alienated from the American experience of success and affluence; it had endured the defeat of the Confederacy, the Cause of Henry Grady's "New South," the national rejection of segregation. Alabamians responded to these conditions by turning to a Democratic Party that hated the *ante bellum* aristocrat, the capitalist, and the Negro with equal force. They rallied behind egalitarian slogans, cursed the "Wall Street bankers," glorified the poor redneck, and created what James Silver has perceptively called the "closed society"—the society of one-party rule, Jim Crow, the lynching bee.

But there have been changes in recent years, changes which most establishment critics, locked in their eternal *crise de conscience* over the plight of the Alabama Negro, have either ignored or misinterpreted. Since the end of World War II, expanding urbanization and the development of an articulate middle class have helped to erode the foundation of Democratic domination and pave the way for a two-party system in Alabama. As early as 1962 a Republican candidate, James Martin, was able to run within 7,000 votes of Senator Lister Hill; by 1964, Alabama had become, under the shrewd tactical leadership of State Chairman John Grenier of Birmingham, one of the "Goldwater states," firmly on its way to becoming a Republican stronghold. But there was still the ugly problem of racial segregation, portrayed by the late V. O. Key as the strong backbone of One Partyism in the South. The 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, accompanied by the effluvia of civil rights legislation, hardened many Southerners in their segregated ways. What C. Vann Woodward has described as the "rebirth of the scalawags, the new invasion of carpetbaggers . . . abolitionists and Yankee schoolmarms in the form of Freedom Riders and sit-ins and CORE and SNCC and COFO" served to turn many Alabamians away from their growing moderation toward the virulent racism of George Wallace when he drew the line in the dust and tossed the gauntlet at the feet of tyranny.

Yet the old slogans have rapidly been losing their appeal (the race issue to the contrary), and Alabamians have begun to take a good hard look at their society. The 100,756 votes cast for Barry Goldwater in 1964 bear witness to a profound reorientation in Alabama political life, a reorientation that promises to end the hegemony of the Democratic Party. Increasingly Alabamians have come to view Governor Wallace's machinations—particularly his attempt to foist his Lurleen into a job he has been constitutionally barred from continuing—as another manifestation of the corrupting qualities of absolute power.

Republican Alternative

Providentially, the renascent Republican Party has offered Alabamians an appealing alternative to the continuation of the Wallace regime. The Republican State Convention, which met in Montgomery on July 29 and 30, shunned the empty rhetoric of the Populist past and nominated a slate of candidates imbued with the spirit of modern conservatism, ready to face the problems of Alabama and the nation. The platform adopted by the Convention, a vigorous conservative manifesto, called for an end to the one partyism which has made for "incompetent, and often illegal, operation of state government over the past decades." Unruffled by Governor Wallace's penchant for racist issues, the platform—while lamenting the encroachment of the Federal Government into the area of civil rights—came out strongly for equal rights and opportunities, regardless of race or creed. However, the Platform Committee firmly rejected the hypothesis that voting registration rights should be granted to everyone based on a federally imposed set of minimum educational requirements, adding that "the voting registration laws of Alabama should be strengthened in the area of qualification and that these strengthened requirements should be applied equally to all."

Congressman (since 1964) James Martin, the same man who came so close to Lister Hill and the Convention's choice to run for governor, was adamant in his opposition to the candidacy of Lurleen Wallace, warning that her election would establish a political dynasty that would ruin Alabama.

If Martin and the Republican Party manage to bring down the Wallace administration (and all it has come to stand for), the kudos will be shared by the prepossessing Martin and by John Grenier, the tough-minded Birmingham lawyer, presently running for the Senate seat held by the aging Liberal, John Sparkman. At 35, Grenier has already established a reputation as one of the ablest Republican organizers in the country—the man primarily responsible for building the Alabama Republican Party into the efficient organization it is today. In Alabama he is known as the political virtuoso who directed Martin's 1962 campaign, who helped to provide 271 out of a possible 279 Southern delegates for Barry Goldwater at the Republican National Convention in 1964.

Although this is his first try for elective office, his youth and good looks (he bears a striking resemblance to the film actor Sean Connery), combined with his intelligence and grasp of Alabama politics, should give him a strong advantage over the unpopular Sparkman. Indeed, Sparkman's growing reputation for being the "kept Alabamian of the Great

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Shafer vs. Shapp

The Pennsylvania Story

IAN BAY

Traditional Republicans in the Keystone State are now beginning to understand and appreciate the forces and influences that finally culminated in the founding of a Conservative Party in New York. For the first time there is a Conservative Party of Pennsylvania which fielded candidates in this year's primary for governor and other major state offices but was ruled off the ballot because of alleged defects in its petitions. The case is still pending and a favorable ruling could yet add to the Scott-Scranton woes in November.

Even if the Conservative Party does not make it this time, developments in Pennsylvania Republican politics will almost certainly produce an upheaval that has been simmering ever since the Scranton-Goldwater forces squared away in 1964. For one thing, even Barry Goldwater no longer conceals his bitterness at Governor Scranton for his role in Goldwater's pre-convention evisceration. Knowledgeable pros were not surprised, therefore, at Scranton's sudden withdrawal from active politics; many believe he will join Cabot Lodge as one of LBJ's bipartisan handymen in some overseas post. Although a capable governor, Scranton has proven to be an inept politician ever since Hugh Scott torpedoed a conservative primary ticket in 1962 and plucked Bill Scranton from the obscurity of a House seat to put him over with an assist from Ike.

Shafer/Scott Combine

Scranton's disinclination to engage in the rough-and-tumble world of political infighting was evident even before his wretched performance in 1964. He would not run for either Congress or governor until everybody had agreed to get out of the fight and give him a clear field. To help keep the party in line, he brought up from Washington Hugh Scott's man, Bill Murphy, who along with Craig Truax, a former sports writer from a rural Pennsylvania paper, has not only done everything possible to stifle conservative activity within the Republican Party in Pennsylvania, but also has become an officious meddler in the affairs of the Young Republicans of New Jersey, the national YR, and the National Council of Republican Women, trying to remake all in the image of Scott, Javits and Case.

Lieutenant Governor Raymond Shafer had been operating behind the Scranton image these past four years and his occasional pronouncements gave conservatives hope that he did not share the Scranton-Scott "moderate" line. In a speech at Villanova last year, Shafer roundly condemned mob rioting and lawlessness in the streets; he has taken his share of potshots at the Warren Court, and just as regularly has hit at Big Government, the "war on poverty," fiscal irresponsibility in Washington, and the rubber-stamp Congress.

But this was all before he made common cause with Hugh Scott to lock up the GOP gubernational nomination.

If Ray Shafer was not Scott's man before the primary, he is now. Shafer no longer talks about individual responsibility, Big Government, mob rioting and states' rights. Instead he is given to such vapidities as "creating a Commonwealth of excellence." He has come out flatly against Right to Work. Shafer has even come out for extending Pennsylvania's Fair Housing law to cover single-family dwellings, something even the Congress and Milton Shapp have avoided.

Milton Shapp is the only man in the history of Pennsylvania politics who ever won a primary contest (beating the Lawrence Machine in the process) with his own money, admittedly $1.4 million. The performance was so brazen that for another first Shafer people filed a court suit to challenge his expenditures, thus breaking a "gentleman's agreement" that both parties have respected since the days of Boies Penrose and Joseph Grundy. Shapp recently sold half a million shares of his firm's stock for $10 million for the Main Event. Unlike Shafer's lofty generalizations, Shapp has a viewpoint on everything—free education, the PRR-NYC merger (against), abolishing the Milk Control Commission, birth-control legislation, and Right to Work legislation, which he is also against. Shapp is an unabashed Liberal, and labor union hierarchy support of his candidacy is fairly unanimous. In Western Pennsylvania (Allegheny County) the Americans for Democratic Action leadership is openly running his campaign.

Shapp's Largesse

Shapp passed out so much money to so many people that it resembled one of Sargent Shriver's War on Poverty operations. Shapp even managed to hand out $15,000 to one Harvey Johnston of Pittsburgh, erstwhile Democratic gubernatorial candidate who also happens to be president of the "National Association for the Advancement of White People." Remarkably, the hearings have revealed that Shapp was also generous to a number of Negro ministers in the Philadelphia area. The GOP has been trying to capitalize on the payment to Harvey Johnston, but State Representative Leroy Irvis, a prominent Pittsburgh "Hill District" Negro Democrat, doesn't think he is going to lose any Negro votes over a simple matter of a $15,000 payment to a white supremacist. Johnston had been making like a candidate again, and Shapp simply wanted to narrow the field down a little.

On Hugh Scott's advice no doubt, Shafer decided to go left in order to beat Shapp. But panic set in when Shafer's "me too" campaign failed to ignite and conservative Republicans stayed away in droves at meetings featuring Deputy Mayor Robert Price of New York. Even talk about bringing in John Lindsay and Jacob Javits has died away somewhat. Normally a gubernatorial candidate could count on at least 50,000 solid payrollers to get out the vote in November, but Lieutenant Governor Shafer lost this

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advantage when Governor Scranton took office in 1963 and blanketed in almost that many Democrats in civil service.

Except for the militantly anti-Shapp *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the normally Republican supporting newspapers have given Shafer little comfort. "The GOP strategy is difficult to comprehend," editorialized the Scripps-Howard *Pittsburgh Press*. "If the aim is to outpromise his opponent, somebody should tell Mr. Shafer to perish the thought. Mr. Shapp has demonstrated that's impossible." Even William Scranton reportedly chastised Mr. Shafer for running a "Dewey-type" campaign against Shapp.

As a result the Scranton whiz kids who engineered the 1962 gubernatorial and 1964 Presidential primary race have taken over lock, stock and barrel—all except former aide Walter Kiesling, who authored the famous convention letter to Barry Goldwater. Scranton himself has scheduled thirty speeches in the remaining weeks. Shafer may need it all, since the pros rate the contest a toss-up, and Shapp's public relations blitz, which took the state by storm in the spring, has yet to get under way.

If Ray Shafer does lose this election, not the least of the reasons why will be his blatant opportunism in going whole hog Liberal after years of cultivating an image of responsible conservatism. He can thank Hugh Scott for advising him to continue harping on the John Birch Society, so dead an issue that Mr. Shapp never even mentions it. Shafer's exclusion of conservative Republican leadership from his campaign, his gratuitous denunciation of the Young Americans for Freedom as a "radical, extremist" group, his wholehearted acceptance of an ultra-Liberal platform—all of these concessions to Hugh Scott have hampered the GOP chances of winning.

Three Races

Of Special Interest to Conservatives. A veteran Washington observer focuses on Georgia, Texas and Ohio, where curious things have been happening

HOLMES ALEXANDER

1. Howard H. Callaway

For a Southerner speaking to Southerners, Congressman Howard H. Callaway sounded an unusual note last Independence Day when he opened his campaign for the Georgia governorship. Callaway chose to invoke not a Confederate hero and the Civil War but a Northerner and the American Revolution. It was Captain Parker of Massachusetts who told his troops at Concord, *"Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have war —let it begin here."*

Callaway's reference was typical of his campaign and of the new attitude among Southern politicians which he embodies. A Republican and a West Pointer (Class of '39), Callaway sees his state besieged much as were the American colonies of 1775. "If one state must stand up to Washington and say, 'We will take care of ourselves,'" he told his listeners, " I say let it begin here—in Georgia."

In Washington the Supreme Court had decreed that Georgia must revamp its bicameral legislature to conform with the one man, one vote ruling. Out of Washington had come decisions for federal registrars to put illiterates on the voters' rolls, for the Commissioner of Education to withhold public funds in order to enforce biracial balances in school populations, for the Secretary of Health-Education-Welfare to undertake accreditation of Georgia hospitals for Medicare payments. The solution? A Georgia governed by a Republican for the first time in 103 years. Persuaded, a fledgling state GOP made Callaway its nominee.

Already, Callaway had distinguished himself as the first Republican congressman from Georgia in the twentieth century. His Third District, lying up against the Alabama border, contained some of the dozen or so Georgia counties that had been considered Republican territory for some time. Sooner or later the District was going to vote that way.

"Bo" Callaway's decision in 1964 to change his affiliation from the party of his ancestors to Republican brought together a man and his moment. The Callaways had long been big contributors to Democratic campaigns and had often received Franklin D. Roosevelt, a guest from nearby Warm Springs. Bo's gravitation to the GOP was part of a young businessman's migration during the Eisenhower-Nixon era. When Callaway became a fund-raiser and a delegate for Barry Goldwater, Republicanism was already a state of mind in Georgia. The talk was that Callaway could have gone to Congress as a Democrat. He was no renegade. He was a conscientious volunteer.

With Callaway to the 89th Congress came five GOP House members from Alabama and one from Mississippi, soon to be joined by the switchover of Watson of South Carolina. Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, as well as the border states of Tennessee and Kentucky, now had Republican representatives. For the first time in history the GOP was truly a national party. The Southern newcomers made up in verve and quality what they lacked in numbers and seniority.

"It's just not true that a freshman congressman can't get anything done," said Callaway. "He is the

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equal in standing to all except the House officers and the committee chairmen. If a freshman works at it, he can make a real contribution."

Callaway worked at it. He was assigned to the committees of Government Operations and Interstate-Foreign Commerce, putting him on subcommittees that studied military operations, freedom of information, labor-management relations in the airlines industries, truth-in-packaging legislation and foreign trade. He went twice to Vietnam, once at his own expense. He also paid his way to Russia.

Callaway's voting record (rated at 95 per cent by Americans for Constitutional Action) varied from the conservative private enterprise line a couple of times on local issues. He pronounced it "unwarranted" when the Agriculture Department transferred poultry inspection costs from the public to the chicken farmers. He voted for a military pay raise that was undoubtedly inflationary—a favor to the 2,000 families back home whose men were at war. With Robins Air Force Base and Fort Benning in his District, Callaway considered himself spokesman for the First Air Cavalry Division and many other units and individuals in Vietnam. It was his intervention that caused the Army to alter its somewhat callous manner of informing next-of-kin about battlefield deaths via telephone.

In August 1966, Callaway led a snapping debate that attached his own amendment to the omnibus civil rights bill. Carried by a voice-vote, the Callaway amendment locked the door against the Administration's plans and practice of forcing racial "guidelines" by gerrymandering the school districts. It is rare for a new member to amend a major bill, and the Washington *Evening Star* hailed him with a top-page editorial, which read in part:

> The Callaway amendment to the House-approved civil rights bill of 1966 has not received the attention it deserves. For this amendment, if it becomes law, will or at least should preserve the neighborhood school concept which certain federal bureaucrats will destroy if they can . . . the purpose of the Callaway amendment is to restrain and rebuke the commissioner of education, and we trust the message gets through to the proper authorities in the federal establishment.

Callaway had been in Washington less than a year when it became known that he was going after the governorship. Significantly, two other Southern newcomers chose to leave their seats and shoot for statewide posts that would give them authoritative, party-building positions: James Martin of Alabama, and Prentiss Walker of Mississippi who undertook the unhorsing of Senator James Eastland. Of the three, only Callaway seems to be riding for a predictable victory.

Good luck has something to do with it. With the single term of Governor Carl Sanders drawing to its close and former Governor Ernest Vandiver warned out of the race by his doctor, Senator Talmadge, also a one-time governor, tentatively moved in. He called upon the people to let him know whether he should come home to run at the sacrifice of his ten-year seniority in Washington. Contrary to cynical rumor, it was the general population of Georgia, not the business politicos, who swamped the Senator's office with pleas to stay put in his influential posts on the Agriculture and Finance committees. The consensus of these messages: the governorship had degenerated into a substation of the federal bureaucracy.

This was precisely Bo Callaway's point. A Republican in the State House was the only way Georgia could regain independent statehood. By summer's end Callaway was crisscrossing the state by bus and plane with the message he had keynoted in his announcement speech—let the fight begin here for liberation from the feds.

Northern reporters were incredulous to find that Callaway had tossed out the cliché issue of race. He was asking the entire citizenry, including 300,000 Negro registrants, to give the state a new start by kicking the Democratic habit. Moreover, he appeared to be in tune with the times, for a moderate Republican had been elected to the legislature from Fulton County, winning half the Negro votes in Atlanta. And more recently, a Republican ticket had won the mayor's office along with all six aldermanic seats in Savannah.

As matters stand now, we may never know if Callaway was born to statesmanship, and will have to wait to see if he achieves it. To all appearances, it is being thrust upon him by the motley nature of his opposition. In Lester Maddox, the segregationist show-off who sold his Atlanta chicken restaurant rather than serve Negroes, Georgia Democrats have indicated not so much a preference as a rebuke to Ellis Arnall, the New Deal governor of the 1940s, and to the Liberals supporting his candidacy, typified by the *Atlanta Constitution*. The adjective most applied by Democratic veterans to Georgia's mood is "angry," and Maddox's victory certainly bears that out. Georgia is angry at the civil rights craze, the riots, the anarchy, the heavy spending, the suffocating centralization, the bloody but unwon war, the Great Society and not least, Lyndon Johnson. But, short of a statewide crack-up, Callaway's got it made. Maddox pulled many votes that are expected to go Republican in November. Where Maddox promises unprogressive redneck rule, Callaway's undeviating promise is to give Georgia back to Georgians—than which the people seem to ask no more, and expect no less.

2. *John Tower*

Until John Goodwin Tower broke precedent with his eyelash victory in May 1961, Texas had lived under six flags and the buccaneer banner of Democratic Party monopoly. The state is still feeling itself all over to assay the change.

Significantly, this first Republican senator to represent Texas since 1870, and the first ever to be popularly elected from an Old Confederacy state, was neither tall in the saddle, nor a product of the ranch house, the court house, the manor house, the oil rigs or the stockyards. The job he left for politics was that of political science professor at Midwestern University in Wichita Falls, a town where he still resides in a modest home near the campus. He'd also done two years of postgraduate work at London University's School of Economics and Political Science—an experience which invigorated rather than diluted his fundamental conservatism.

Tower jumped to national attention in 1960 when he drew 926,500 votes to 1,305,000 in the Senate race against the incumbent Lyndon B. Johnson.

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LBJ, uneasy on the Democratic ticket, was protecting his post as Senate Majority Leader while also running for Vice President. The least surprised person at Tower's remarkable showing was Senator Barry Goldwater, then chairman of the GOP Senate Campaign Committee. Goldwater told this reporter: "He doesn't stand any higher than Lyndon's chin, but he's making Lyndon look him square in the eye. Tower's going to get Johnson's seat one way or the other."

Tower made Goldwater's prediction look good in two special elections of the following spring. In April he ran first in a Texas-size field of 71 candidates. In the May run-off, he scored by a 50.5 per cent majority in a light turnout of 886,000 votes that reflected the widespread indifference of Democrats to their own candidate, William Blakley, a multimillionnaire lawyer in tailored Western garb of sinister black.

It was a strange election for Texas. An intellectual had defeated a tycoon. A non-organizational interloper had whipped the appointee of a popular governor, Price Daniel. A bookish but peppery philosopher who knew conservatism in terms of Burke, Hayek and Adam Smith had ousted a political moneybags who thought of conservatism as the poll tax, depletion allowances, railroad rebates, segregation and ballot-box mystique.

History revolves, though it doesn't quite repeat. This year there's enough similarity to cause Tower and his managers to wonder if this isn't where they came in. His opponent in the November election is Texas Attorney General Waggoner Carr, a good-looking, 46-year-old patronage-politician out of the middle drawer. In '62 and '64 the ticketmate of the unbeatable John Connally, Carr has gradually acquired the shape and protective coloration of a loyal member of the Democratic herd.

Today, Carr has become the Johnson-Connally designate for restoring a Democratic monolith in Texas—that and little more. But at least two other men, Lieutenant Governor Preston Smith and House Speaker Ben Barnes, have gubernatorial ambitions which could be furthered if Carr never becomes senator. And a good many Texas Liberals would like to see Carr defeated on grounds that he is too conservative to be the Democratic half of a two-party system. Combining forces at the State Convention in September, Texas Liberal Democrats flatly refused to endorse Carr.

Thus, Tower's strategy is shaped by peculiar but not unfamiliar circumstances. Even without Liberal support he will undoubtedly beat Carr if Johnson and Connally are not aroused to a fighting pitch. But he must do so without inviting partisan fury by flaunting his Republicanism. This delicate ploy calls for him to run his race strictly against Carr, not against the home-state President nor the well-loved governor whose popularity ratings run 10 per cent higher than Johnson's.

Altogether, then, Tower finds himself with the rare and wonderful political opportunity of making a political necessity of virtue. His best way to gain re-election is to be what he's been—a very good senator—and to keep his constituency aware of his service. One of his top managers summarizes:

"People know John's done and said all the right things. They've come to see the advantages of having a foot in both parties. In Washington, John's become a Republican leader without

making the Democrats hate him. The other day we had an office visit from Hank Brown, head of the Texas AFL-CIO. Tower fought the 14(b) repealer and practically all the labor legislation. But the message we got from Brown is that Tower is honest, candid, courteous—although mistaken. We're braced for whatever happens late in the campaign, but so far there's been no vendetta."

Tower is a suitable Texas senator on two counts. He is a knowledgeable conservative from a state that has mainly known oratorical ones. And he knows how to scatter grain in the marshes where the ducks are. Few senators, least of all Texans, can politically subsist on philosophy. Texas has 32 major military installations, $1.5 billion worth of Defense Department contracts, a military payroll of $2.5 billion a year and 250,000 persons drawing wages of $750 million in annual payrolls for defense work. Texas has a large population of retired persons, a troubled agricultural economy, an acute water shortage, not to mention a fierce regional pride and a ravening appetite for federal goodies.

Unless he was reconciled to being a single-termer, Tower had to prove himself as acquisitive for his state as any Democrat, even if it meant some double-talk. He could rage against inflationary spending but he voted to hike up the President's pay raise for civilian and military employees. He was a fulltime tormentor of Defense Secretary McNamara, but opposed the McClellan move to suspend funds for the TFX-model, the F-111, which is being built by General Dynamics in Forth Worth. He brought Richard Nixon to speak for him in Houston, home of the Manned Spacecraft Center, and shuddered when Nixon suggested that NASA's funds might well be slashed during an inflationary period. No Texan politician has ever done much more for Texas than John Tower. He has sponsored dozens of bills with express benefits for Texans. Thus he approaches the climax of his campaign with a split-level record of philosophic conservatism and pump-priming politics. He is far too smart to have played the simpleton professor in a Jimmy Stewart scenario. He would have been an easy mark for his opponents if he'd tried to legislate from a pedestal.

Instead, he has been a mixer in the battles-royal for principle as well as political pork, a deputy floor leader with Everett Dirksen in half a dozen big fights against Great Society planning, a cogent and quick-witted debater, and a broad observer whose insight has done much for the cause of common sense in Washington. Without Tower the intelligent opposition to the dafter side of foreign aid, Medicare, anti-poverty legislation, civil rights, urban reconstruction,

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labor protectionism and controls over business would have suffered. As a two-time visitor to Vietnam, he has been ahead of his party as well as of the Administration on pushing for military decisions there.

Tower can be unseated only on the extraneous and prejudiced grounds that he is a Republican in a Democratic state. He can win deserved reelection over an inferior opponent if Texas has a mind to remember that a good man is hard to find.

3. *John Ashbrook*

John Milan Ashbrook, M.C. Ohio, defeated a Democratic incumbent in 1956 to enter the 101st Ohio General Assembly and did the same thing in 1960 to enter the 87th Congress. This year a third-termer, Ashbrook can succeed himself only by whipping another Democratic incumbent, Robert T. ("Post Office Bob") Secrest, 62, a New Deal relic who was elected to Congress in 1932 when John was four years old, and is now in his tenth non-consecutive term.

The Ashbrook-Secrest contest in the small-town, farmland 17th Ohio District is an oddity of madcap redistricting which subtracted two prosperous counties from the old 17th and added two Appalachian "distressed" counties from Secrest's old 15th District. Ashbrook is rated as the underdog, mainly because his opponent behaves like a conservative at home and votes like a tax-eater in Washington.

At Harvard (Class of '52), young Ashbrook encountered the stimulating Keynesians: Professors Schlesinger *père et fils,* John Kenneth Galbraith, Samuel Beer and Alvin Hamm. John's father, William A. Ashbrook, Democratic congressman from the 17th District, had died in office in 1940 and John thought to follow him in the ancestral party. It took the Harvard Liberals to make a Republican of him. "I've been a militant anti-Communist for twenty years," says Ashbrook. The militancy started at Schlesinger's feet. Ashbrook's first choice for a post in Congress was membership on the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He made it in his second term and is now ranking Republican on HUAC.

At the August 1966 hearings in the House Caucus Room when Communists, peaceniks and their American Civil Liberties Union lawyers turned HUAC sessions into a howling demonstration, reporters asked, "What's a nice guy like Ashbrook doing on *that* Committee?" Ashbrook's answer is Thoreauvian: What would nice guys be doing off it?

From the beginning Ashbrook has been a heart-of-the-issue man. He puts country above party, party integrity above party organization. As president of the Ohio League of Young Republican Clubs and later national Chairman of the Young Republicans National Federation, he urged constitutional conservatism at the cost of GOP solidarity. This antipathy toward expedience has kept him at odds with the present Republican National Chairman, Ray Bliss, and may cost Ashbrook the election.

"I had a district of 396,142 population, well within the requirements of the Supreme Court decisions, and it should have been left alone. I've been around, and I know how things go at the State Capital," said Ashbrook, adding candidly: "The reason I believe Ray Bliss would redistrict me out of office is that I might do the same thing to get rid of a neutralist Republican."

Ashbrook has become the sworn enemy of involuntary unionism, federal agricultural experimentation, civil rights measures that take away more freedoms than they bestow, and Adam Clayton Powell, on whose Education-Labor Committee he sits. He attacked Medicare but favored tax-credit, voluntary medical aid. In his six-year performance he has submitted fifty-odd bills. Recently he became a supporter of the Ian Smith regime in Rhodesia. On a trip to Salisbury he saw that the Negroes of Rhodesia were being offered gradualism in self-rule, but that it could not be a reality so long as the blacks chose the local option of tribalism. But beyond that, Ashbrook nailed the Administration's anti-Rhodesian policy, and its unthinking public acceptance, to the same barn door which held the doctrine that lost us China in the Truman Administration. Now, as then, says Ashbrook, we are siding with enemies of the Western world, failing to look at Communist objectives in Asia and Africa, relying on theorists who "never come to grips with world problems as they are."

The Ashbrook-Secrest race is easier to characterize than to predict. Ashbrook looks forward to congressional seniority, Secrest to retirement. Ashbrook is top Republican on HUAC and fourth on Education and Labor, while Secrest is tenth-ranking Democrat on Veterans Affairs, his only committee. The contest is a square-off between much that's new in twentieth-century politics and much that's obsolete, between the modern conservatism of ideas and the weary Liberalism of the handout, between something that approaches a universalism in intellectual inquiry and something that approaches crass materialism in federal bagmanship.

Secrest has offered no major legislation, but lays claim to getting ten new post offices for his district during the 89th Congress. He is a good, gray, harmless server of the people, pointing with pride to his passive support of the Vietnam policy, his conservative votes against increasing foreign aid, taxes and the debt ceiling. But he supports practically all the additional welfare programs that add up to deficits and controls. In the ACA ratings for Ohio congressmen, Ashbrook is at the top while Secrest is at the bottom. In the ratings of COPE and the *Congressional Quarterly*'s Presidential Program Support, the positions are reversed. Owing to the redistricting of the 17th District, the authoritative *Congressional Quarterly* makes Secrest the slight favorite to win next month.

However, a poll of the 17th District conducted by Ashbrook in June reveals that a profile of the political thinking of the constituency is a remarkable likeness of John Ashbrook's own philosophy and performance in office. When asked to classify themselves politically, 45 per cent of the respondents called themselves conservatives and only 6 per cent were Liberals, while 31 per cent declined a self-label. The message that came through was definitely pro-Ashbrook.

Republican congressmen who survived the Goldwater year are considered good bets to repeat in 1966, and the popularity of Republican Governor James Rhodes assures a strong pull for the state ticket. But the Democratic national party is a reliable sugar daddy to its candidates. John Ashbrook, unseater of Democrats, faces his toughest case.

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It Looks Good Enough to Eat But Is It?

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

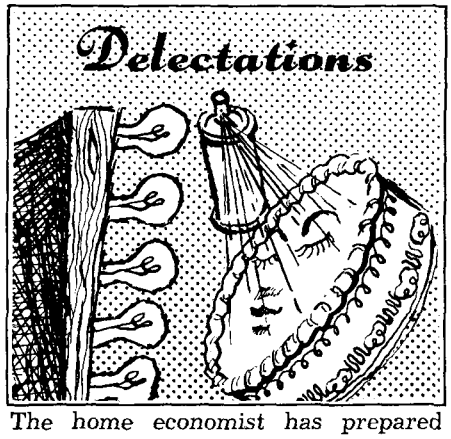
Anyone who has ever set out to accomplish an even-domed *paté en croûté,* a *galantine* vivacious with dark and light meats and slivered pistachios, a golden turkey, a *crème* hiding under baroque swirls of whipped cream of breathtaking symmetry, or a cake so tall, so glorious that like all true beauty it makes your knees go weak—in short the kind of marvel portrayed on TV, in the ads and in the pictures of the expensive cookbooks—knows what frustration means. However carefully the directions are followed, the finished product simply does not look like the picture. The unhappy cook broods on whether this is really a warning not to indulge in the sin of pride. On the contrary. It merely tells you that practically all the food pictures are what I shall call a bloody similitude.

Food manufacturers, like those of cosmetics, deal in dreams. When photographed, reality in the shape of an ordinary nice-looking woman or a cake made according to directions does not look like much. In fact, thanks to the cruelty of the camera, they both look much less than they look to the naked eye. Why should anybody spend money for such plainness? Reality, be it lipstick or roast beef, has to be made into an ideal image to be desirable.

Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent yearly on food photography, on tons of food of every kind and the endless hours needed to fix it up for the camera. And once photographed, almost all the food has to be thrown away. The food in the pictures has to be real food, the FTC says, aware that imitation foods would very often look the same and be far easier and cheaper to handle. A cake made of styrofoam and frosted with library paste or shaving cream looks like any real cake, and real ice cream looks either too hard or too runny. But the FTC has no laws that prevent you from doctoring up the food for photography until it is no longer edible.

Food photography is a very, very skilled kind of photography for which those who are masters get paid anything from $500 to $2,000 for a color picture in an important ad. Preparing the food for photography is both an art and a skill, performed by experienced home economists. They may get as much as $100 a day but they must have a peaceful disposition and a patience greater than Job's.

Color photography begins with a layout made by the art director of the ad agency which pays the photographer plus all expenses and bills the client. The photographer's prop girl, called a stylist, has run around to get the various accessories needed for atmosphere and for displaying the food.



The home economist has prepared whatever food she could in advance in her own kitchens, arriving early at the studio to finish the work. Large grocery orders have been delivered with fresh fruits, vegetables and all that may be needed for the picture. The photographer is fussing around his lights and the set-up of the whole thing.

The amount of food needed for one shot is hardly believable. The reason for this is that a number of stand-ins have to be played around with to determine the perfect angle, the amount of the food, the size of each helping, the relation between food and things that set it off, like parsley or chocolate curls. Each has to be a little different so that the photographer can decide which looks best. Imitation foods may be used for these mock-ups, but for the final shot the real thing has to be made to look like the model mock-up.

Cakes are among the most difficult foods to shoot, and it may take as many as 36 layers for one picture. To look tall and ample, picture cakes are baked with more batter than the original recipe calls for, in deeper pans than those usually used in home kitchens. To look even, the slices of cake have to be trimmed and cut. Tape measure in hand, measuring on all sides, the home economist does her best to produce equal slices, but cakes have a life of their own, and go in for individual contours no matter how similarly they were made. To make cakes, especially chocolate cakes, look moist, they may have to be sprayed with water; to make them glossy, with lacquer, like ladies' hair. Those appetizing crumbs are painstakingly assembled with toothpicks, chosen for even color and deposited with tweezers where they are wanted on the plate; no cake ever crumbles attractively if left to itself. The filling between layers must be smoothed out not to look like an open trench, and the lighting most carefully adjusted so that the cake's texture is not pitted by dark craters. The frosting may have to be fortified with flour, sugar, cornstarch, gelatin and what-not to keep it from running. If coconut goes on a cake, the shreds all have to be of even lengths, and picked out from package upon package of coconut. And all of these tricks are done not only once, but again and again to get the piece that will look best. Once the perfect stand-in has been found, it has to be copied exactly for the final shot. This is usually late in the afternoon after a day that began around 9:30. And if the art director does not like the shot, the whole thing is done over again.

Unless you've seen it, you can't believe how the heat of the lights will affect the food. Gorgeous gelatin dishes are fortified with enough extra gelatin to qualify as footballs. Carrot curls and cucumber slices lie down limply like dying swans unless their backbone is stiffened with spray. The heat plays havoc with all protein foods, cooking them beyond the stage that is right for the picture. Thus fish, in order not to look like foam rubber, is cooked barely to the opaque stage. All birds are roasted for a few minutes, just until the skin is firmed and their frozen innards can prevent

(Continued on page 1069)

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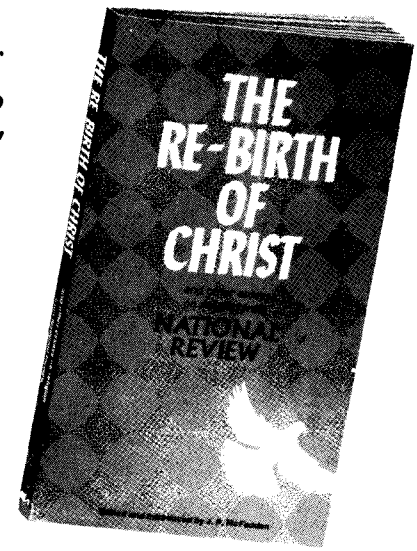

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• A section of the birth control issue is a perfect example of the serious disagreements "renewal" has brought about among Christians themselves. Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Garry Wills and Brent Bozell slug it out in debate of issues that range from personal morality to world politics.

• The Christian in the modern world is the subject of five probing essays, from Will Herberg's "Conservatism, Liberalism and Religion" to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's thought-provoking "The Christian Social Sentimentalist." Most timely is Herberg's analysis of whether the current civil rights movement has a religious "right" to violate the law.

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VIETNAM

"The Photographs We're Never Asked for..."

When NATIONAL REVIEW approached the Pentagon to secure photos of Vietcong atrocities, an official said, "You're the first people who ever asked for these." The photos on these four pages are clear—and, we know, sickening—evidence of atrocities outlawed by all laws of war, which have left Vietnam covered with butchered and desecrated corpses.

Sporadic acts of violence intended to intimidate government and citizenry have been the characteristic method of Communism in Vietnam since the 1920s when Ho Chi Minh returned from his indoctrination in Moscow. In the epic struggle over the last ten years between Ho's guerrilla army, the Vietcong, and the anti-Communist resistance of the South, the Vietcong has been practicing brigandage as much as war, seeking to terrify the population. It is traditional in China and the cultures China has influenced to regard it as a privilege to pass out of life with a whole body; the Vietcong does not often accord that privilege to anyone it kills. Constant practice makes an almost ritualistic mutilation of corpses possible; victims of the V.C. in widely scattered parts of the country are found mutilated in almost identical ways.

ON 12 JULY 1964, *this village was put to the torch by Vietcong guerrillas.*

THE CUTS *on the body of Pham Van Truu—a civilian, killed by V.C. terrorists—are frequently seen on the victims of V.C. massacres.*

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IN 1962, *when Miss Pham Thi Doi was butchered in her village, 1,100 Vietnamese officials were assassinated. It is estimated that about 4,400 others, in non-official positions of leadership, were murdered that year.*

12 JULY 1965. *Ksor Dem was gar rotted during the night, when the V.C usually strike. In that year 1,000 Viet namese officials were kidnaped b:*

VIETNAM

(continued)

THE VIETCONG *claimed, in January 1965, to have killed 500,000 Vietnamese as of that date.*

VO THANH TRONG, *tortured to death by Vietcong terrorists, was a civilian. As are most victims of the V.C.*

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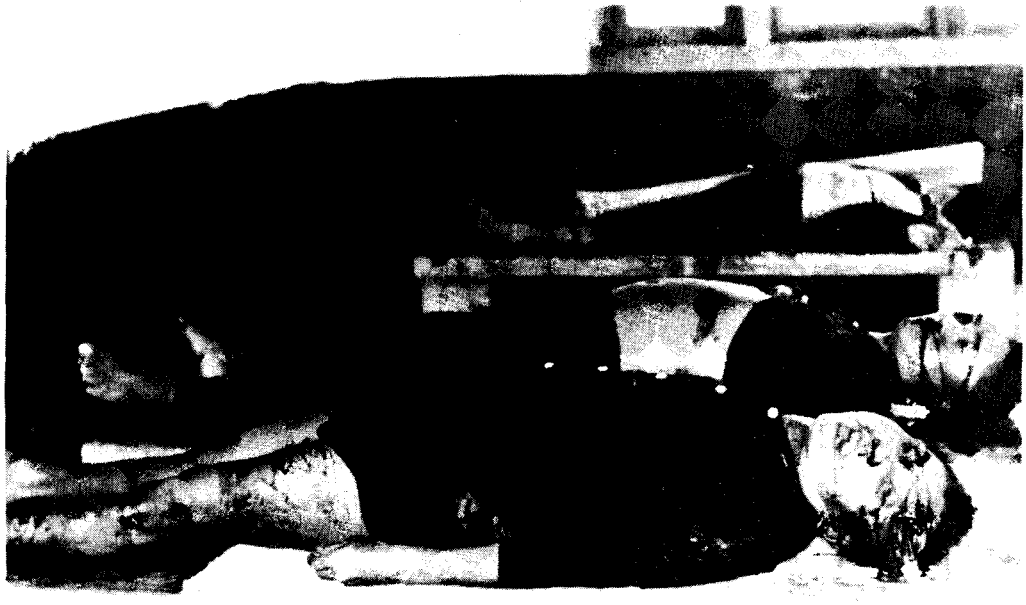
AMONG MANY OTHERS *this 13 year-old girl was a victim when a Vietcong sniper threw a grenade in a village marketplace. Despite medical aid, she died.*

he V.C. Their own figures claim '0,000 additional kidnapings of natural leaders" and sympathizers ith the South Vietnam government.

THE BODY *of the chief of the hamlet Xom Ruong, kidnaped by the Vietcong, was recovered bound and shot.*



1965, PROVINCE OF TAY NINH. *A mine exploded under a civilian bus, and passengers who survived were fired on by the Vietcong. A principal aim of the V.C. has been to paralyze travel; passengers on trains often find warning pamphlets from V.C. discouraging the use of trains.*

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More 'Secrets of the White House'

FRANCIS RUSSELL

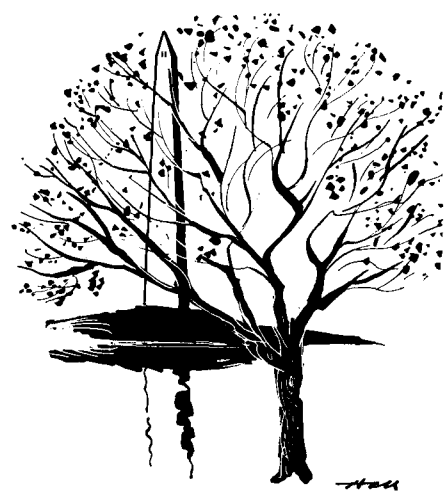
Presidents Harding and Kennedy would seem to have scarcely anything in common but their tenure of office—nine hundred and a thousand days respectively—yet there is one curious and extended parallel between the two men. Both had been for a period overwhelmingly popular, and both had lost a considerable amount of their popularity at the time they died. Harding was elected by the greatest majority given a Presidential candidate in a century. Two years later in the mid-term elections his party lost seventy seats in the House of Representatives. In Harding's day periodic polls charting a President's popularity had not come into vogue, but just before Kennedy died his popularity rating had sunk to 55 per cent and seemed on the way to dropping further.

Yet with their deaths came an abrupt shift of feeling. To Americans, lacking the dynastic continuity of a monarchical tradition, the death of a President in office is apparently a great psychic shock to which they react as if they themselves were guilty of bringing it about. First there is atonement, then apotheosis; and that has been true from Lincoln to Kennedy. Cardinal Cushing hypostasized the late President as a man who "lived and died for us."

Of course Harding's apotheosis was brief, and so buried over by subsequent scandals that most Americans have forgotten that such a feeling ever existed in the first place. Yet after he died in San Francisco he too was said to have died for us, and his funeral train moving slowly across the continent to the dirge of tolling bells seemed the symbol of a national tragedy. Crowds waited all night at remote railroad stations in the rain to sing their President's favorite hymn. In the great cities they shed tears as his body passed. On that journey the petty Ohio politician had become the deified Caesar.

With Kennedy, by Pierre Salinger. Doubleday, $5.95

In contrast to Harding, Kennedy's shadow has grown *longer* with his passing. Youth, wit and charm seemed



to go with him to the grave, above all youth. For many all over the world, particularly for mothers, he has become an externalization of their inner wishes and hopes. The waitress I saw in a Warsaw café wearing a Kennedy half-dollar as a medallion or the straggler in Moscow's Red Square with his one proud English phrase, "I luffed Tshack Kennedy," found in this brightly vague image of a lost young man something their own country could not give them.

It is curious how this Kennedy youth image persists in defiance of the calendar. After the elderly indeterminism of Eisenhower, I suppose anyone under sixty might seem young, but the fact is that at forty a man reaches middle age. There is nothing so extraordinary about anyone attaining his peak in his forties. Theodore Roosevelt had the vigor of maturity when he became President, and yet he reached the White House at the same age—forty-two—as Jack Kennedy. Hitler was forty-four when he became German chancellor. Mussolini was thirty-nine when he marched on Rome, Napoleon only thirty-four when he became emperor. At the time of the October Revolution Lenin was forty-seven, and Stalin was only forty-two when he became General Secretary of the Communist Party and ruler of Russia in all but name. Washington took command of the Continental Army at forty-three. And compared to Pitt the Younger, prime minister before he was twenty-five, President Kennedy was an avuncular figure.

Beyond the myth of youth—and despite the bright smile and tousled hair, it was mostly myth—what was the real Jack Kennedy? For all the deluge of books that have been pouring from the presses since his death, from the scholarly and panoramic to the intimate and to the maudlin, for all those yet to be published, I think it will take another half century to separate the man from the legend. All of which brings me indirectly to Pierre Salinger's informal, gossipy and mercifully short volume of recollections. It is a book that the half-century historians are going to need, if only for the "human interest" to lighten their tomes. Does one care to know what Kennedy did after Nixon ungraciously conceded the election (he walked along the beach at Hyannis and skittered stones), how the new President dealt with the problem of brown patches on the White House lawn (he had them sprayed with green paint), what were the gewgaws on the Presidential desk, what Kennedy had for breakfast, how long he stayed in the bathtub and what he read there, how troubled he was by his back? Mr. Salinger has recorded the information.

One can pick up such intimate background information about other Presidents only by reading a selection of memoir-type books, and the half-century historian ought to be grateful to Mr. Salinger for combining so much ephemeral detail in one

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volume. I was reminded of Taft's military aide, Archie Butt, who really started the modern White House peep-show, but *With Kennedy* takes more of the tone and style of the recollections of retired White House ushers and housekeepers. Mr. Salinger suffers from shall-and-will trouble. He customarily and with elephantine coyness refers to a toilet as a "john."* He often affects the weighty truism—"No institutions in the country have a more important relationship than the government of the United States and the press. Each is powerful and each has almost inexhaustible resources," etc. What the former White House press secretary has to say about the press—and he says it at length—may be of interest to newspapermen, but hardly to others, and is not, I think, of any durable interest.

THE HIGHLIGHTS of his book are of course the international crises from the Bay of Pigs fiasco to the "eyeball to eyeball" confrontation of October 1962. Yet, beyond the folksy details, Salinger has not much to add that is new. In the exchange of confidential letters between Khrushchev and Kennedy he was a constant courier, and here at least his glimpses of Khrushchev are unique. He met Khrushchev a number of times, entertained his son-in-law Adzhubei in the United States, and finally spent several days as Kennedy's informal emissary visiting Khrushchev in his dacha outside Moscow.

It is a charming picture: the pudgy older man, his hat wedged on the back of his head, walking the legs off the pudgy younger man on a hike through the woods. Mr. Salinger gives samples of the Khrushchev wit, apparently insensitive to its feebleness. On the whole it was quite a jolly family houseparty, with the usual gargantuan repasts spiked by slugs of vodka. And occasionally, after an anti-Stalin joke, Khrushchev would make some revealing off-hand admission such as that he had personally ordered the construction of the Berlin Wall. "We have had good fun, yes?" he asked the departing press secretary at the end of the conviviality, and Salinger assured his host that the days by the Moskva had indeed been wonderful. It was difficult to grasp—and indeed Mr. Salinger still cannot grasp it—how a man of such "great warmth, humor and courtesy" could six months later have made the rash and gratuitous challenge to the United States of installing missiles in Cuba.

In conclusion Mr. Salinger explains that after Kennedy's death he could not adjust to the new order. So, after resigning as press secretary, he won a special California election to the United States Senate. Although he served in the Senate 148 days, he was defeated in the regular election by George Murphy, a defeat he ascribes to his opposition to the bill to repeal the state's fair housing law. The lost election was the climax of many losses—his leader, his press job, even his wife. But, in Salinger's own words, a vacation at Palm Springs with Frank Sinatra did much to revive his spirits.

One need not grieve for the ex-press secretary. Mr. Salinger has syndicated his Kennedy book, he has remarried, has his own dacha overlooking the Sunset Strip, is vice-president for international affairs of Continental Airlines as well as consultant for the National General Corporation (theater chains and savings and loan associations), and president of the Democratic fund-raising Golden Bear Club.

*I believe that the term originated in Smith College in the Twenties.

Puns in Depth

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THE MAIN TROUBLE with Norman O. Brown's aphorisms is that, actually, they are beforisms: it's all been said before, by Nietzsche and Freud, only more wittily, more poetically, and with more scholarship. And if anyone were to find that my term "beforism" is a pun, and that puns are an inadmissible means of intellectual intercourse, he obviously has not read Norman O. Brown's *Love's Body*.

But I have. And if I've learned one thing from that nebulous collection of about 700 obscure puns, made up as "aphorisms," it is a newly confirmed conviction that no ass is dumber than an educated ass. This book has to be seen to be disbelieved. It reminded me of nothing so much as the gallant Hungarian who once, in being tested, was asked what a rather enigmatic abstract painting made him think of. "Of fornication," he promptly said. "But why of fornication?" asked the astonished psychologist. "Because everything, sir, *everything* makes me think of fornication," the Hungarian confessed with a Hungarian's charming honesty.

Love's Body, by Norman O. Brown. Random House, $5.95

However, the difference between that Hungarian and Norman O. Brown is that Mr. Brown, for twenty years a distinguished member of American *academe*, neither has nor offers fun. *Love's Body*, he claims, is the fruit of seven years' labor (1958-1965), but it still isn't ripe. Though the author, admittedly, could not say himself what it is all about, I'd like to try: *Love's Body* is an attempt at leading Freud *ad absurdum* by a process of agonizing puns which, however, ask to be taken as *pensées*. It is as if Pascal had written *Candy*.

Yes, I've read the whole opus, from A to B, and the only saving grace I encountered was the author's pitiable lack of humor. Any man who can use the word "penis" in a philosophical treatise as often as N. O. Brown does, without a single smile, deserves the reader's sympathy—if only because, quite obviously, he cannot have experienced much pleasure from either language or sex. Like the beatniks (who, I trust, will mistake *Love's Body* for a bible of Zen), he must suffer from invincible and pompous boredom with himself.

I realize I owe the reader a synopsis of the book's thesis, its intellectual plot, the evidence it submits on its way. But what chance has a mathematical analysis of a pamphlet whose only recognizable intent is to denounce the multiplication table? The more one insists that twice two is four, the more the surrealistic author of such a pamphlet will consider himself misunderstood. Norman O. Brown, if he forgives me the gross rationalism, undertakes to overthrow rationality. Thus, the more one confronts his "aphorisms" with their rational meanings and their logical con-

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sequences, the more voluptuously will he relapse into his surrealistic coma.

Consider this sentence on page 252: "In every sentence the little word 'is' is the copula, the penis or bridge." Now what is the use of admonishing Mr. Brown that in a sentence like "Brown is an obfuscating fool," the little word "is" cannot be meant as "penis or bridge" but, rather, as an ordinary verb of identification? N. O. Brown would merely point out that, like the Hungarian, *everything* makes him think of fornication—even, and particularly, a reviewer's box on the ear.

Or take this beautiful *pensée* on page 251: "Speech resexualized. Sexual potency, linguistic power, abolished at Babel and restored at Pentecost. At Pentecost, tongues of fire, a flame in the shape of a male member." Each time again—that Hungarian! I realize, of course, that to advertise the "Okasa" potentials of religion has become quite "in" since Hemingway told his friend how he was cured of embarrassing marital impotence by going to church; but I blush over my frequent use of "is." I'm afraid I will never again say "twice two is four" in the presence of ladies or Mr. Brown.

MR. BROWN is original only when he expropriates Freud. But his audacity of borrowing is surpassed by his disarming, almost Hungarian honesty: *Love's Body* does not, as conventional book-making has it, present the author's references in inconspicuous footnotes, but exploits quotations as the very highlights of the author's own text. In this sense, alas, Freud seems indeed responsible for *Love's Body*—but it is an altogether maimed Freud. Brown quotes him the way the Devil would quote Scripture, and not just in marginal matters, but essentially.

Freud, after all, presented a coherent if willful theory of civilization which, in his view, lives on the denial of genital satisfaction. Brown's contribution to psychoanalysis, and our wisdom, consists in a simple act of reversal. Yes, he says, there exists between sex and civilization a direct nexus of cause and effect; but, he adds, civilization occurs where man concentrates on coital experience—not, as Old Freud suspected, where he "represses." So far, so good. But what remains enigmatic is why a person so wholly convinced of the sole relevance of "carnal" experience should bother writing a book on the subject? Clearly, he is wasting his and the reader's energies. But this is, of course, where all surrealists fail: they retain a compulsory urge to express surrealism in realistic terms, to experience orgasms in language, to prove irrationality rationally.

This compulsion achieves an especially comical dimension whenever surrealists refer to scientific argument. Brown, for example, to demonstrate the sexual nature of language, happily points out that "in Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, the sexual organ is known as 'his word.'" This is like analyzing Bach with the acoustic categories of the jungle. It can be done, of course—by primitives. For civilized musicians, the substance of Bach equals exactly the *difference* between the jungle and the mind. But the "anthropologists" will never learn that the aborigines compare to civilization as the stone compares to a sculpture; what made it a piece of art is exactly what has been *done* to the stone—*not* its aboriginal shape. And yet, the "anthropologist" will not cease to find the meaning of Euripides' and Shakespeare's language by studying the language of Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands.

Mr. Brown, for his part, seems wholly persuaded that the word "semantics" derives from the word "se-

Random Notes

● BOOKS: For Gothamites tired of worrying about the next water shortage, Houghton Mifflin offers *Enjoying Birds Around New York City* ($4.50 hardcover; $2.45 paperback). For those who don't like birds, the same publisher is reissuing *Many Are Called,* Walker Evans' photographs of subway folk with introduction by James Agee ($10 hardcover; $4.50 paperback). . . . Add to the glut of 900th anniversary items *Battle 1066,* Brigadier C. N. Barclay's study of the military side (Van Nostrand, $5.95). . . . Frank Rowsome Jr.'s *The Verse by the Side of the Road,* which includes all 600 "Burma-Shave" quatrains, is coming in paperback (Dutton, $1.15). . . . *Madame Sarah* is Cornelia Otis Skinner's biography of Bernhardt (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). . . . Second edition of "Dust" Magazine's *Directory of Little Magazines* lists over 400, foreign and domestic. Cost is a dollar, from Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif. . . . Double your fun: in addition to the forthcoming *Autobiography with Pictures,* there's another big book for Calder fans—a biography by H. H. Arnason and Pedro E. Guerrero (Van Nostrand, $15).

● FOR PICKETERS IN SEARCH OF A CAUSE: Grosset & Dunlap plans a number of new editions, in various formats, of *The Wind in the Willows*—all *sans* the drawings by Shepard.

● ON RECORD: Not only did John really not say those bad things about Christ, the Beatles' latest album (*Revolver,* Capitol Records) includes a number with these lyrics:

> Let me tell you how it will be:
> There's one for you, nineteen for me—
> 'Cause I'm the tax man,
> Yeeaah, I'm the tax man!
>
> Don't ask me what I want it for,
> If you don't want to pay some more—
> 'Cause I'm the tax man *etc.*
>
> Now my price for those who die
> Is the two pennies from their eyes—
> 'Cause I'm the tax man *etc.*

Heliodor, a low-cost reissue label, has made available Kurt Weill's *Johnny Johnson,* with Lotte Lenya in the cast, and the Brecht-Weill musical version of *Der Jasager* ($2.49 each, mono or stereo). . . . Want to one-up pests who make you listen to their Bobby Short records? Buy Columbia's long-play repressing of Ruth Etting songs, play it for them—and be sure to go into ecstacies over the drum solo in "Ten Cents a Dance." . . . Chanced upon in the Schwann Catalog: a Caedmon record offers Dylan Thomas! reading from *King Lear*!! and *The Duchess of Malfi*!!!

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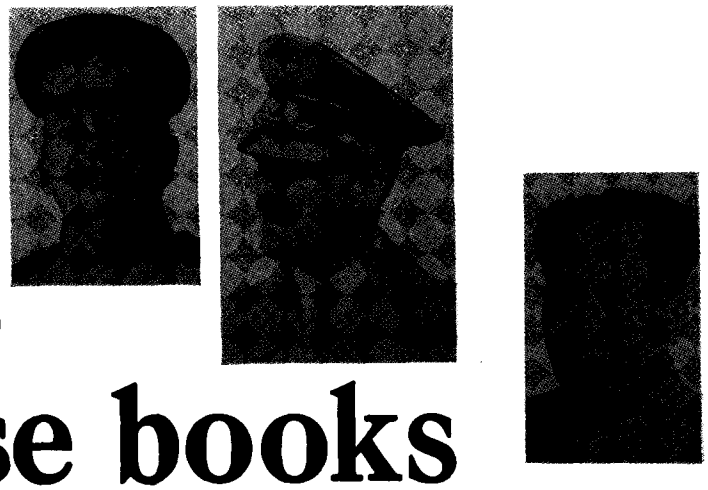

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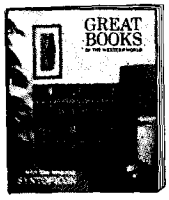

GREAT BOOKS

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men." He is, naturally, a socialist, yet even "class warfare" to him is nothing but a form of erection. Man's destiny, to Mr. N. O. Brown, is to plunge into, and emerge from, one orgasm after another—a poor Sisyphus of tumescence and detumescence. It's a strenuous life and a merciless universe where nothing matters but copulation, and discharge is its own reward—the only one. (But I'd better watch my "is-es.")

Fortunately for Mr. Brown, Random House expects other rewards, and *Love's Body* is now available in print. True, it's neither here nor there, neither Love nor Body. However, students of writer's cramp will find it an interesting book. As to the *aficionados* of surrealism—frankly, the most baffling piece of surrealism will be found in the biographical note on the last page: "Mr. Brown has served three years as a research analyst with the Office of Strategic Services."

Mailer vs. the Hilton Hotel

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

DESPITE CALLOW GRIPES, askew rhetoric, adolescent rôle-playing, we cherish in Norman Mailer a lovely, fervid devotion to authenticity and selfhood. Beats there a heart so suave that it doesn't feel the Mailer twitch at someone else's breaks? Walks there the foot so firmly in the paths of governance that it doesn't often feel the Mailer itch to kick America's affluent ass? Sleeps there a man so sated that some night he has not risen in Mailer's sweat about who's having what, when, how, and can't it be done better? Mailer is our spokesman for the lure of programmatic youth, our warrior against fraud, our urban fighting cock.

Cannibals and Christians, by Norman Mailer. Dial, $5.95

Which is why his notices have become so predictable. Since his first gun-shot success with *The Naked and the Dead*, every example of Mailer's pugnacious ego produces the same response: "Isn't he foolish, but honest and brave." One wonders how a writer as sensitive to every tremor in his reputation can have cultivated so long a rôle as basically patronized as Mailer's. *Cannibals and Christians* shows how defective is Mailer's self-consciousness. If it were sound, this book would have been suppressed.

Cannibals and Christians is hardly a book at all. Much of it consists of poems snickering in expanses of blank space. With one notable exception, its prose gives a new meaning to "ephemera": speeches incorporating passages from reviews and letters which duplicate the speeches. When all else fails, he sits down and interviews himself; not every man his own Eckermann, rather each his own M. Teste.

Non-book though it be, one could stand the imposition if Mailer's snippets had much pith. But for a man who conceives the writer's rôle as a combination of Lippmann and Theodore Reik, Mailer's observations are oddly lame. As a social commentator, he is fond of the worked-up apocalypse:

> There has been an undisclosed full-scale struggle going on in America for twenty years—it was whether the country would go mad or not . . . [it] had never been the same since Kennedy was assassinated . . . some process of derailment, begun with Hemingway's death and the death of Marilyn Monroe, had been racing on. . . .

With a mind perceiving causality as a force that operates from Marilyn Monroe to John F. Kennedy, it is no wonder that Mailer's new symbol of national malaise is the Hilton Hotel. For this reason, he includes in *Cannibals and Christians* two pieces on architecture which extend the range of subjects on which he is unwilling to let ignorance or gas stifle a lament.

ON POLITICS, he is more civic-minded, more positive: FDR and JFK were "worth more than a housing project . . . or the war against poverty [for] they offered a high style to the poor." On Vietnam, he is analytical: *"We are a conservative, property-loving nation obsessed with the passion to destroy other nations' property.* (Italics his.) On fighting Communism, he is wondrously poised: "Let the Communists flounder in the countries they acquire. The more

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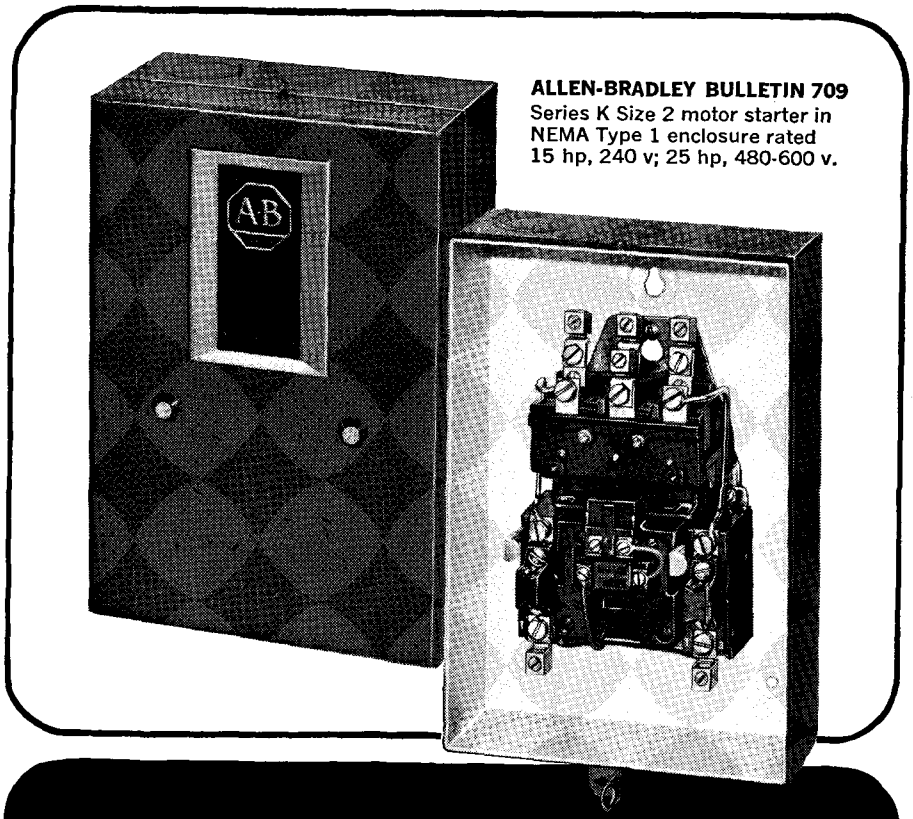

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countries they hold . . . the more bitter will grow the divisions in their internal interest. . . ."

In those areas where Mailer has demonstrated some firsthand knowledge, he is no more reassuring. He "*suspect* [s, italics mine] *The Red Badge of Courage* will outlive *The Thin Red Line*," and he believes that Baldwin fails in his novels because "he knows what he wants to say, and that is not the best condition for writing a novel. Novels go happiest when you discover something you did not know you knew." His contribution to a *Playboy* symposium on sex is pitched at the same level of profundity: "Being half excited and half frustrated leads to violence. Whenever one is aroused sexually and doesn't find a consummation, the sex in one's veins turns literally into violence. It's no accident that most frigid people are sadistic."

When not confounding the literal and the metaphoric in this manner, Mailer does remind one that, after all, he can write. The book's best piece, a sharp journalistic account of the 1964 Republican Convention, is full of those vivid descriptions which Mailer concocts when not lost in thought. He speaks of Dirksen, with his voice like "the whir of the air-conditioning in a two-mile tunnel," of Scranton loitering like the "Dauphin to Ingrid Bergman's Joan of Arc": when Mailer says it, one realizes that George Romney does resemble a handsome Boris Karloff.

Style, metaphoric audacity, wit—these had been our compensation for those hand-stands, double-mouthed advertisements, intellectual nullities that threatened to make Mailer the literary world's equivalent of a Hollywood starlet. Yet style is as often disclaimed in *Cannibals and Christians* as the Hilton Hotel is irrelevantly invoked. For the most part, what we get here is not style but screech, not perceptions sharply formulated but long passages approaching nonsense:

> It may also be noticed that these separate pieces are assumed to have relations with one another; to underline this impression, a continuing presentation—titled here an *Argument*—runs along in italics for introduction. "Argument" is a curious word; it has odd attachments to the past—I would not certify its flavor necessarily eighteenth century, or scholastic, or 180 A.D., but since we deal here often with America, with all us electronic descendants of Rome, let

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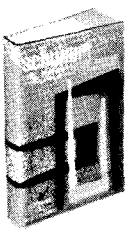

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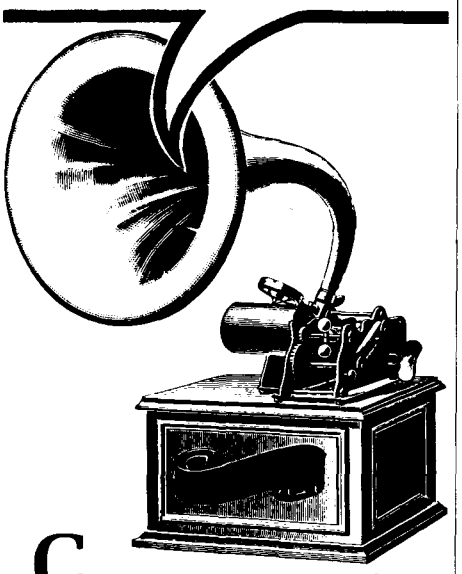

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the word give a taste of the Latin. Even if it does not, nothing is more acceptable to America than an excess of baroque. So: *Cannibals and Christians,* a book with an Argument.

This, from the Introduction meant to vouch for the book's coherence, which considering what follows needed prose as persuasive as John Milton's. When Mailer expresses "perhaps the deepest insight I have" into America, the image he selects to represent it is cancer. When he reaches for a metaphor to describe the writer's relationship to his art, he can find nothing more pertinent than a bedroom athlete and a bitch in heat.

If writers and publishers would treat such expostulations in a fitting manner, readers and reviewers might be able to leave jerry-building and get back to literature.

Theater

When's a Musical Not?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

EVERY SEASON dozens of musicals hit the Broadway scene, midwifed by platoons of pr-men, star-studded, and above all well-heeled or they won't have made it past New Haven. Most flicker in and out like a glowworm in the summer dusk. The producers and stars mutter nastinesses about the critics, the angels write it off on their income taxes, the stagehands strike the set and clear the way for the next victim. There's blood all over the floor and no one stops to wonder what is really wrong. Well, for one thing, too often there is very little that can be charitably described as music in musicals. We are served up stars who can't sing, scores that don't swing, and lyrics that don't scan. Rhythm is precisely what most musicals ain't got.

Which is why among the handful (4) of musical survivals of the Massacre of 1965/66, two are sleepers. *Man of La Mancha,* which opened at the ANTA theater off Washington Square in December, is not only still around—a thing that seldom happens at the ANTA—it is, today, along with *Mame,* the hottest musical property in town. The second longshot is *Wait a Minim!,* the South African review that surprised opening night critics into reluctant and cautiously worded approval of a "made in South Africa" product.

La Mancha is a play within a play. Cervantes has been thrown into an Inquisition gaol and his fellow prisoners, in a mock trial, threaten to fine him all of his remaining possessions, including the unfinished manuscript of *Don Quixote.* To save it, Cervantes offers his judges a "diversion" and he and his faithful servant act out a few scenes from the adventures of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, with the prisoners taking various roles in the dream story. The seedy country lawyer delves into his trunk and transforms himself with the help of a dusty buckler, a battered helmet and a crunkled sword into "I, Don Quixote, Lord of La Mancha," a knight errant off to fulfill an "Impossible Dream"—*"to bear with unbearable sorrow,/to right the unrightable wrongs,/to try though his arms are too weary/to reach the unreachable star."*

He biffs it out with the windmills—and his sword never fully recovers; he mistakes a country inn for a castle and the strumpet serving-wench, Aldonza, for his lady fair, Dulcinea. He separates a wandering barber from his shaving bowl, which Don Quixote mistakes for the miraculous golden helmet of Manbrina; spends a night in vigil in the courtyard of the inn and begs the burly innkeeper, whom he mistakes for the Lord of the Castle, to dub him a knight, which Ray Middleton duly does in the tuneful "Hail, Knight of the Woeful Countenance," in which he cites the glorious deeds Don Quixote will now perform, but cannot help adding, "What will happen to you, Thank God I won't be there to see. . . ."

It's a good score, tuneful, well-balanced. It fits the story line perfectly and blends humor, pathos, and sentiment in about equal portions.

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Richard Kiley as Cervantes/Don Quixote, Ray Middleton as the Innkeeper/Head Prisoner, Richard Rounseville as the chaplain, and Irving Jacobson as a better Sancho Panza than you think he's going to be upon first acquaintance, handle their assignments with the kind of polish we've come to expect from them.

Joan Diener, the very sexy Aldonza/Dulcinea can dance up a storm and does all over the place. Her voice is rather more Ethel Merman than Julie Andrews which does rather more for Aldonza than Dulcinea. But Miss Diener or, more properly, director Albert Marre and choreographer Jack Cole, are responsible for the great—and major—failure of the show, a lapse of taste as sudden as it is offensive in two dance sequences Miss Diener performs with a chorus of muleteers. They are unpardonably gross. Unpardonably because unnecessary, dragged in for shock value and about on the level, intellectually, of the ten year old who uses bad words to impress his parents with his maturity. It was wrong artistically: Don Quixote is about a lot of things, but it's not about garden variety vulgarity. These two dances (one is a mass beating and rape) are offensive enough to disturb the old, the young —and the discriminating. It's a slur on the otherwise bright escutcheon of the men and women who produced and brought *Man of La Mancha* to our town.

How to sum up *Wait a Minim!*? There's no continuity in a revue; by its very nature it must have its ups and down. This one is particularly complicated because it originated in South Africa, which is, as every one knows, a Bad Thing (unless it originated in South Africa and is anti-South African, which is the Best Thing, better even than anti-South Africana which originated elsewhere, which is, of course, a Good Thing). To dispose of the political question first: South Africa gets its knocks in *Wait a Minim!* but so do the Liberal *bocas grandes* in Britain and the United States. At one point we are told there are just two things Americans really hate: one is segregation, the other, Negroes. Britain has no segregation, of course, but at Notting Hill the traffic is two-way: blacks moving in, whites moving out. An act in which South Africa, Rhodesia and the Nkrumahs of the new Africa get

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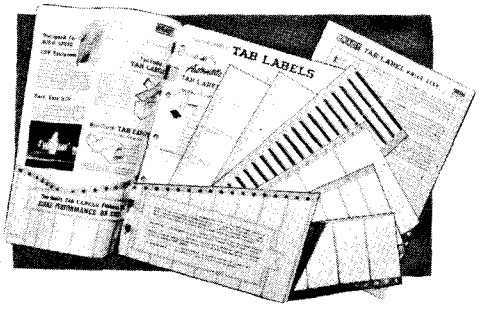

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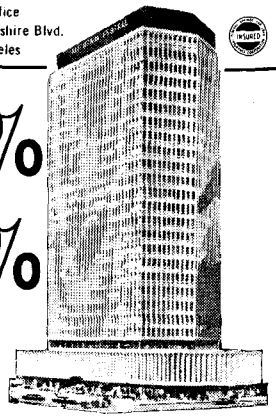

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the old what for concludes with Queen Elizabeth making an address at the independence celebration of the newest Commonwealth nationette. "On this happy occasion," she proclaims in ladylike and dulcet tones, "the Crown would like to make one final gesture"—(pause) then she energetically dusts her hands of this particular responsibility.

What *Wait a Minim!* has, very simply, is talent: a finely developed comic spirit, excellent dancing, but above all exciting music—much of it African—beautifully presented. Two of the eight young men and women who put on the show are Andrew and Paul Tracey, sons of Hugh Tracey, the famous African musical expert. They have collected and arranged a number of African tribal dances and chants that will surprise and entrance people whose idea of African music is limited to the Watusi war dance in *King Solomon's Mines* and its like. The Tracey brothers, the other members of the cast, have strong, trained singing voices. In addition they play nearly forty different instruments, including mbiras, timbilas, kalimba tubas, tampura drones, koto zithers, the double respiratory linguaphone,

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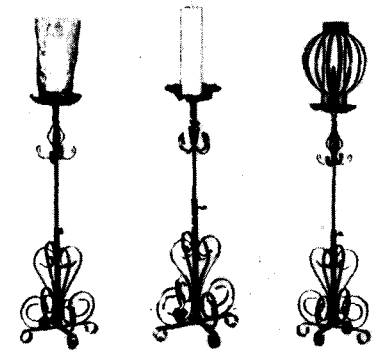

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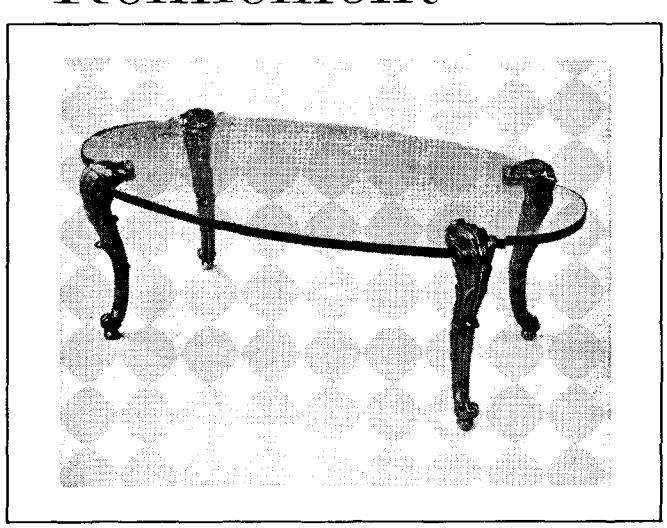

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bagpipes and an assortment of drums, African, Caribbean and Genekrupa. There's something for everyone here: haunting ballads, comic interludes (a tic-toc metronomic chase in a medieval dungeon reduces the audience to a state of hysterical laughter, why I can't explain—and you'll have to see it for yourself), plus the fast change of pace and mood that is the substitute in every successful revue for the advancing story line in most dramatic plays. All this and musical excitement, adventure and discovery, too, make *Minim!* a show you shouldn't miss.

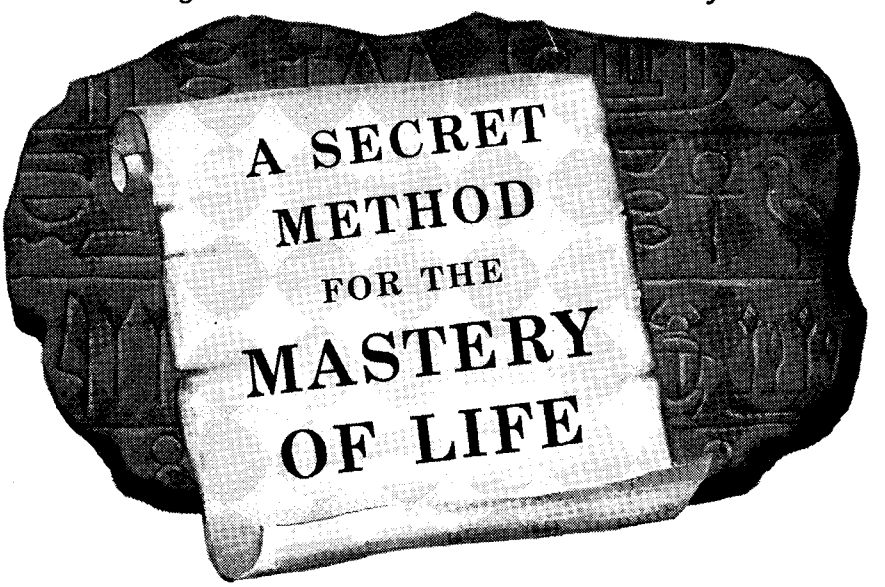
BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CAUTIONARY SCIENTISTS, by Kenneth S. Davis (Putnam $5.75). This is a book which is good as factual reconstruction of an era of scientific history and interesting as character analysis of its two subjects of study: Priestley and Lavoisier. But it is rather simplistic and melodramatic about the causes of the political event, the French Revolution, which undid both scientists. There is a nice apposition in the choice of Lavoisier and Priestley for this comparative study: they knew each other, learned from each other, competed with each other. They were born into and remained loyal to the social classes that collided in that bloody confrontation of mutual stupidities which was the French Revolution. Lavoisier rode the tumbrils a condemned aristocrat; Priestley, his melancholy bark to permanent American exile, a condemned man of the people. Their crime? Treason both. These two founding fathers of modern chemistry were something more than disembodied beings haunting sulphurous laboratories on bold alchemical pursuits. Passionate chemists, they were engaged deeply in political concerns, so fully indeed that even their great discoveries (in pneumatic chemistry) seem the fruit of minor preoccupations.

J. F. KILEY

THE DARK TRADE, by Anthony Lejeune (Doubleday, $3.50). Tony Lejeune is known to NATIONAL REVIEW readers as an astute observer of the British political scene. He is also an *aficionado* of suspense novels

Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids



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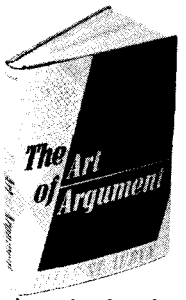

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and has now turned his not inconsiderable talents to writing a nifty detective-spy story whose hero, Adam Gifford, doubles as a crime reporter for the *Morning News* and undercover agent for one of those nameless secret service organizations which, if one believes what one reads in British novels, simply *abound* in London. There's something fishy going on in the Layton industries, a huge postwar combine that does secret research work for the government. Gifford starts out to uncover the story for both of his bosses and is soon enmeshed in a ring that includes a murdered French publisher of pornographic novels, a British industrialist (whose daughter provides the romantic interest), the obese and obscene owner of a Left Bank lesbian nightclub, a sleazy East European trade mission type and a company (assorted) of murderers and strong-arm men. The action is fast (and painful) as our hero avoids death and battery at the hands of a) four racetrack plug-uglies, b) a rat-faced pusher-of-people-under-subway-trains, c) a sniper, d) a gang of leather-jacketed Paris beatniks (all female), and e) a nasty type who tortures Gifford by remote control with the mechanical arms used to move radioactive materials in an atomic laboratory. A fast-moving and compelling story, but I (and every other working newspaperman, past and present) would like to ask Mr. Lejeune if British editors *really* give their reporters the kind of leeway with deadlines, expense accounts and such, that Adam Gifford enjoys. If so, there's going to be reverse U.S.-to-UK journalist drain.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (October 4)

SENATOR GEORGE MURPHY

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I said, "Why is it that you gentlemen continue to ask Republicans about the Birch Society? Don't you realize that about sixty per cent of the John Birch Society is in the Democratic Party?" . . . They didn't know what to say for a few moments. . . . Let's put the monkey on their back for a change.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Southernmost of the United States	2 189 120 100 30 74
B. This state was not named for an Irishman, despite the sound	12 115 3 36 68 31
C. State named for valley in Pennsylvania	48 20 16 41 61 4 32
D. A city large enough for two television stations	5 34 62 73 191 17
E. A wrinkle	85 69 47 11 6 37
F. First state to ratify Constitution	108 131 91 76 1 7 188 159
G. What the 1960 election almost was	110 185 19 38 80 44 52 167 161 99
H. A Stoic philosopher	125 25 92 39 77 107 190 174 50
I. To deviate	181 78 111 97 145 134 93
J. Covering for hen fruit	10 63 143 151 51 155 79 98
K. To reduce to strict order or uniformity	23 164 147 64 75 177 53 135
L. You would visit her in Tia Juana	28 81 59 153 158 136 184 66
M. State named for a king of France	72 166 144 94 186 112 148 137 58

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A plant louse	96 89 87 104 83
O. To hint or hint at	121 175 101 132 117
P. A capital city	35 21 65 26 8
Q. Item used by chemists and sociologists	70 84 165 138 187 119 124 114
R. Chamber for baking, heating, or drying	118 126 170 193
S. Flowing back	127 33 157 149 178 9
T. Ibid.	60 162 86 168 40
U. Conclusion	133 102 116 154 46 179
V. Entire books have been devoted to this	160 103 123 109 13 183 150 54
W. A season of the year	141 71 14 22 182 82
X. A capital city	152 130 42 105 55 24 172
Y. One of the recently invented nations of Africa	171 163 140 27 129 95 192 49 43 106
Z. A month of the year	18 113 29 56 176 88 128
a. A state of the United States	67 90 45 139 169 173 146 142 156 122 15 57 180

See page 1066 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

▨	▨	▨	1 F	2 A	3 B	4 C	▨	5 D	▨	6 E	7 F	8 P	9 S	10 J	▨	11 E	12 B
13 V	14 W	15 a	16 C	17 D	▨	18 Z	19 G	▨	20 C	21 P	22 W	23 K	▨	24 X	25 H	26 P	27 Y
28 L	29 Z	30 A	31 B	32 C	▨	33 S	34 D	35 P	36 B	37 E	38 G	▨	39 H	40 T	41 C	42 X	43 Y
▨	44 G	45 a	46 U	47 E	▨	48 C	49 Y	50 H	51 J	52 G	53 K	54 V	55 X	56 Z	57 a	▨	58 M
59 L	60 T	▨	61 C	62 D	▨	63 J	64 K	65 P	66 L	67 a	▨	68 B	69 E	70 Q	▨	71 W	72 M
73 D	74 A	75 K	76 F	77 H	78 I	79 J	80 G	▨	81 L	82 W	83 N	84 Q	85 E	▨	86 T	87 N	88 Z
▨	89 N	90 a	91 F	92 H	93 I	94 M	95 Y	96 N	97 I	98 J	99 G	▨	100A	101O	102U	103V	104N
105X	106Y	107H	108F	▨	109V	110G	111I	112M	113Z	114Q	115B	116U	▨	117O	118R	119Q	▨
120A	121O	122a	123V	▨	124Q	125H	▨	126R	127S	128Z	129Y	▨	130X	131F	132O	133U	134I
135K	136L	137M	138Q	▨	139a	140Y	▨	141W	142a	143J	144M	145I	▨	146a	147K	148M	149S
150V	151J	152X	▨	153L	154U	155J	▨	156a	157S	158L	159F	160V	161G	162T	163Y	164K	165Q
▨	166M	167G	▨	168T	169a	170R	▨	171Y	172X	173a	174H	175O	176Z	177K	178S	179U	▨
180a	181I	182W	183V	184L	185G	186M	187Q	188F	189A	190H	191D	192Y	193R	▨	▨	▨	▨

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WITONSKI

(Continued from p. 1040)

Society," juxtaposed with Grenier's independent conservatism ("What Alabama wants," Grenier has argued, "is a voice that speaks and votes for Alabama and not for Lyndon Johnson"), can only serve to intensify the Republican advantage. But Grenier is not interested in a mere personal victory; he wants to see Republicans elected at every level throughout the state. "I want to change the whole political picture of Alabama," he told me several weeks ago. "I want to see us elect a Republican governor, a Republican senator, and a Republican state legislature. Then Alabama can begin to crawl out of the hole the Democrats have placed us in!"

While Grenier is too perceptive a politician to underestimate the residual strength of the Democratic Party, he remains too knowledgeable in the ways of Alabama history to ignore the growing trend away from the rhetoric of George Wallace and John Sparkman. What W. J. Cash called the "proto-Dorian convention" —the ego-expanding exaltation of the poor white to a position comparable to the Doric knight of ancient Sparta —has lost much of its appeal as Alabama whites have become more affluent and integrated. Alabamians are not so much interested in politicians who can "stand in the schoolhouse door," as they are in schoolhouses, industry, and a balanced budget.

The race issue remains a force in Alabama politics, but it is moribund —like Jim Crow's shuffle and George Wallace's purple oratory. When Alabama went Republican in 1964 it left the proto-Dorian world of Democratic Populism for good and all, and it is doubtful that Lurleen Wallace is man enough to bring back the old ways.

HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 1046)

them from collapsing. Their delicious golden brown color is painted on with Kitchen Bouquet and angostura bitters, the appealing gloss applied with spray or oil.

Kitchen Bouquet and angostura are invaluable and always used for the making of photogenic tea, coffee, soup and liquor drinks.

Meat, in order not to look greyish, is roasted to barely ra The ast of beef watering red juices of : re of food may be its own, or a mix coloring and oil. Tomatoes and radishes lose their anemic looks with a little nail polish and all salads become glossy with a spray.

Ice cream is one of the greatest headaches to photograph. For the final shot, the ice cream, which has been kept in containers at temperatures that allow for scooping, is molded in the desired shape and dished up for good. Then it is put to freeze hard. When it just begins to melt at the edges—and this takes a fraction of time—it is photographed, so as not to look like either ice or sauce. It takes endless gallons to get the perfect shot, and even more when the ice cream is rippled or filled with fruit. Then it has to be put together into orderly patterns—and you can imagine how long that takes, and what patience—and frozen all over again. Compared to this, stuffing a *paté* or a pie with foil to achieve a good elevation of the top crust, or filling a soup dish with marbles for that inviting, brimful look, is child's play.

Obviously, a color photograph has to be prepared with greater care than a black and white one. But food in black and white is seldom appealing to look at, since our reactions to it depend on color and color associations. If you don't think so, try serving blue spaghetti or green mashed potatoes made with food coloring. Since colors, under the camera, have their quirks, they have to be considered in the fixing of the foods. But who cares as long as the cake on the box looks twelve inches tall and as glossy and soigné as a fashion model? We can dream, can't we?

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1024)

results from the fact that some of the "God is dead" people picked up a half-dozen lines from his prison correspondence and interpreted them according to their own lines of thought. Unfortunately, the public has assumed that they were interpreting him correctly.

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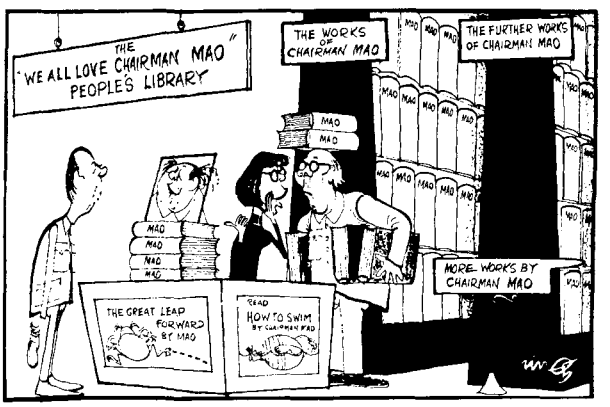
For The Record

Three of the Nine Old Men—Supreme Court Justices Hugo Black, Tom Clark and William O. Douglas—expected to retire soon. Freshman Abe Fortas rumored to be LBJ's choice of successor if Chief Justice Earl Warren, 76 next March, also steps down (unlikely). . . . 34 million Americans, nearly one out of every three adults, get monthly checks from Uncle Sam. . . . Cassius Clay would like to be a Republican, he said at Republican $100-a-plate dinner in Chicago, but Muslims must eschew politics. Main speaker Dwight Eisenhower cooed. . . . Way Out West: Sole U.S. Senator of Spanish descent, Joseph Montoya (D., N.M.), campaigning hard among Mexican-Americans for Gov. Pat Brown in California and Senate candidate Waggoner Carr in Texas. Helen Gahagan Douglas doing her bit for—of all people—Ronald Reagan. Reagan supported HGD back when both were left-wingers. . . . Hollywood producer Sy Bartlett huddling with partner and former AF Chief of Staff Gen. Curtis LeMay over upcoming Viet war flick Paper Tiger. Bartlett, then a colonel, served under LeMay in WWII. . . . British emigration soaring, with many going to South Africa. Total emigration to SA (24 per cent British) for first half of '66 up 60 per cent over the corresponding period of '65. . . . Penna. Democratic gubernatorial candidate Milton Shapp reported ready to part with $2½ million more of his personal fortune to put himself in the State House. . . . Right, new tabloid put out by conservative wing of the Wash. D.C. YRs, getting their version of internal squabbles to the Outside.

The strip-tease has been banned in Tahiti. (Tahiti?). . . . Lao-She, 69-year-old author of '40s novel Rickshaw Boy and Mao Tse-tung's old friend and ghostwriter, a suicide in Peking after public insult by the Red Guard. Many more suicides expected if Mao/Lin Piao axis reinstitutes hated commune system conscripting peasants for work under Army discipline. . . . Playboy Magazine bought rights to unpublished works of Gustave (Madame Bovary) Flaubert at Frankfurt Book Fair. . . . Greek defense ministry alarmed by Communist plans to immobilize Greek Army units, on stand-by alert for riots or uprisings. . . . Japan still set on getting into the space race despite humiliating Sept. 26 sputnik-fizzle. Loss of face may spur increase in nation's paltry ($12 million) space budget. . . . U.S. birth-rate plummeting while percentage of working wives increases: from 24 per cent in 1950 to 36 per cent today. . . . Outrage in Catholic France over switch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The Price of Defeat: Steven Shadegg, Barry Goldwater's pre-'64 campaign manager, has sold 1,000 pounds of BG research materials to the Humanities Research Center of the University of Texas for $13 per pound.

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